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LADY FRANK.

From the painting by W. G. de Glehn, A.R.A.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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The Prospects of the Game Season

AT this time of year we consider what may be the prospects of the coming game season. It is, perhaps, not only a business of counting one's chicks before the eggs are hatched, but this year there is considerable doubt what proportion of the wild eggs will hatch at all. From all over the country come complaints of sharp late ground frosts; these, in addition to the winter frost and the drought, have meant a late season, which affects both pheasants and partridges alike. If we look back to the year 1895, when weather conditions were as hard as they have been this year and the harvest as a whole was bad, we yet find that it proved to be not only a good, but an unusually good, year for game, despite the extremes of weather.

All post-war experience shows that, so far as shooting is concerned, the pheasant, rather than grouse or partridge, represents the only stable factor. With grouse we have our seven-year cycle of disease, slow recovery, good seasons,

a bumper season, then disease again. With partridge we have a less stabilised cycle, and of late years a succession of bad seasons has depleted our national stocks to a level which appears to be lower than any in the memory of living sportsmen. The extent to which a series of good seasons would bring about recovery is unpredictable, but if we make due allowance for the large amount of arable land now pasture, the increasing growth of population in the country, and the spread of poultry over stubbles and fields in the past sacred to game, it is probable that partridges will recover not to the old standard, but to a standard maximum which is all that the new conditions will allow.

The pheasant, on the other hand, has few of the disadvantages which attend on birds like partridge and grouse, whose conditions of life are almost wholly wild. We can, by moor management, work up a stock of grouse; we can, by modifications of the Euston system, improve a stock of partridges; but we are always at the mercy of unreasonable weather, and the amount of control we can exercise is limited. The pheasant, on the other hand, has been developed into a very weather-resistant type of bird. He is influenced to some extent by bad weather, but weather is nothing like such a paramount influence on the success or failure of the rearing season as it is with birds which cannot be fed and reared by hand.

The growth of the modern game farm industry has been of enormous benefit to the estate owner, for he can be sure of getting eggs laid under the best conditions and from a picked stock of healthy birds. Year by year the problems of diseases of the rearing field are being attacked, and as new knowledge is gained the task of successful rearing becomes more and more independent of sheer good luck. The pheasant may now be taken to represent the basis of most estate shooting in the country and has become a valuable bird in the economic sense. The demand for good shoots continues to rise, and though we may regret the passing of many of the great estates where the shooting was the personal pleasure of the owner and his friends and deplore the rise of syndicates, it must be confessed that the latter, if properly conducted, have done much to maintain the standards of game rearing and preservation throughout the country as a whole.

The maintenance of our game stocks depends wholly upon preservation, and it is necessary that not only the big shoot, but the small shoot, should recognise that every year sufficient game must be reared to replace stock taken in the previous season. Farmers who accept a sporting rent are seldom careful about this, and it is undoubtedly a contributory factor to the decrease in partridges. Shooting represents one of the greatest amenities of the countryside, and the sporting facilities are important factors in the value of an estate. Here and there one still finds large estates where preservation has been neglected since the war and the game value of a property has not been considered in its proper proportion. Modern developments in pheasant rearing allow sporting rights to be developed to a handsomely remunerative point, and if efficiently undertaken, they yield a substantial revenue to the estate. The sooner it is realised that shooting is not simply a relatively expensive sport, but can be considered as a paying branch of estate management, the better it will be. Game, rightly considered, is a profitable branch of agriculture, and the time is not far off when good pheasant preserves in England will be as keenly sought as Scottish moors are to-day.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a reproduction of the portrait of Lady Frank by Mr. A. G. de Glehn, now on view at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Lady Frank, who is the wife of Sir Howard Frank, was married in 1922, and has two sons.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

APPARENTLY there may be a pope at Avignon again soon, or, at any rate, the Papal flag, if Cardinal Gasparri is as successful in his negotiations with the French Government as he was with the Italian. Whatever the inhabitants may think of the proposed cession, it would add greatly to travellers' delight to have the great palace of the Popes restored to its rightful owners. For Avignon, bought by Clement VI in 1348, was only annexed by France during the Revolution. The "Babylonish captivity," as the period of the popes' domicile in France was called, began in 1305, though Clement V did not take up his quarters at Avignon till four years later. A pope returned to Rome in 1367 for a time, but Avignon continued to be an occasional retreat till 1417. The vast castle, that preserves perfectly the appearance of a mediæval palace, was begun soon after 1316. Recently parts of it were still being used as a barracks, and not until the ejection of the troops were the remarkable frescoes of the Avignon school found. If more tangible glories are revived in the great walled city, the restoration of the Pope to his own again would be fitly celebrated by universal libations of *Chateau-Neuf du Pape*.

UNLIKE previous projects for the acquisition of Dorchester House, the National Sporting Club's negotiations appear to be progressing rapidly. The Club's move is part of a scheme for practically reconstituting itself by extending the significance of the word "sporting" from boxing to include all branches of athletics. Boxing will, of course, continue to be the Club's principal business; but the contemplated development of the social side of the Club, as a rendezvous for a larger circle of sportsmen, is the reason why it wants to move from Covent Garden to Park Lane. References in the papers last week to negotiations for the acquisition from the Duke of Westminster of land "on the South Street side of Dorchester House" do not mean that the additions to Dorchester House are to face on to South Street, but refers to the garden running along the north side of the house. This has always been Westminster property, and was only leased by Mr. Holford when he built the house. Among his letters, extracts from which were published when the house was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* last year, are many references to "the South Street people" and to the modifications that had to be made in the building to meet their requirements. Presumably, the Club's ring will be built on the present garden.

GREAT BRITAIN holds easily the first place in the motor cycle industry and, presumably, to maintain that position it is necessary to have motor cycle trials. But must these trials take place among the favourite haunts of those who love the quiet and beauty of the countryside? Visitors to Leith Hill and residents who live in the neighbourhood have been justly complaining of its use as a

test hill by motor cyclists. Almost every week-end trials are organised up its steep slopes utterly destroying the peace and solitude of its bridle-paths and wooded lanes. The nuisance from individual motor cyclists to most of whom the law enforcing silencers seems to be a dead letter, is almost as great. The National Trust, which owns five acres at the top of the hill, cannot go to the expense of stationing a keeper to prevent cyclists from coming on to its property, but something might be done by the Surrey police to keep cyclists off footpaths and to deal with machines without proper silencers. It is an absurd state of affairs if the public cannot enjoy the beauties of the properties which are held in trust for them.

WE have been passing through one of those two periods of the year in which cricket and football share the throne together. It has certainly been more appropriate to football, which may now be regarded as having abdicated. The leagues finished their programmes on Saturday, and the Rugby League played their final at Wembley. This seems to have been a good match, played in a spirit which might sometimes teach a lesson to the players in Association Cup-ties. Wigan with its team of all the talents—Welshmen, Scots, New Zealanders and an occasional Lancashire man—beat Dewsbury with its twelve out of thirteen Yorkshiremen. At the same time the cricketers were making just as many runs as if there had been no new rules tentatively made to stop them. Hobbs started cheerfully with yet another hundred for Surrey; and Hammond received a tremendous welcome both as a bridegroom and the hero of Australia, and showed his appreciation of it by making over two hundred, and being not out into the bargain. The Warwickshire bowlers set against him must have felt that no new rule was of any service that provided a wicket smaller than a barn door.

A BOWL OF PRIMROSES.

They are so still
That one can hardly know
The passion of their will
To live and grow.

But had I half the power
Imprisoned in that bowl,
I'd reach my highest hour
And satisfy my soul—
And yet . . . they are so still.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THIS week all the male champions of the earth have been fighting for the Open Championship at Muirfield. Next week comes the ladies' turn at St. Andrews. There will be a prodigious crowd there to watch them, for this is an exceptional occasion; not only has America sent us her greatest lady player, Miss Glenna Collett, with one or two more than capable auxiliaries, but Miss Joyce Wethered has emerged from her retirement. Very wisely, she has been putting herself through a short course of competition practice, and showed in it, what all those who know her game have said, that she is a better golfer now than ever she was, and that by a considerable margin. There are many good lady golfers in Surrey, but in the Surrey Championship Miss Wethered trampled on them all like some kindly female Juggernaut, and generally had a score of well under an average of fours when she crushed her enemy at about the twelfth hole. All things are possible, but it is difficult to imagine her being beaten next week at St. Andrews.

THE editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* has some devastating criticisms to make in reviewing the portraits in this year's Academy. "A portrait," he says, "does not gain power by adding a coat which no self-respecting scarecrow would wear," and armed with this maxim he launches his sartorial attack, out of which only Mr. Birley's portrait of the King emerges with honour. Sir Ray Lankester's coat is a mass of "dots or blotches as large as buttons," Mr. Courtauld's trousers are such as have "barely, if ever, been seen in Burlington House," while a certain

"Portrait of a Man" would be better entitled "Portrait of a Man in a Home-made Suit." Sometimes the attack is shifted from the artist to the sitter. "There is a touch of Gargantuan extravagance about Mr. Belloc's rusty black suit," from which one cannot help feeling that the painter, for once, was right—"for the apparel oft proclaims the man." Artists and tailors do not usually see eye to eye on the subject of dress, but it would be glorious if, for once, the R.A.s would offer their services to Savile Row as they did to the railway companies, and at next year's Royal Academy let us see the great dressed as they ought to be.

EVERY year the coming of warmer weather brings insect plagues to remind us of the endless warfare between man and Beelzebub, Prince of Flies. So far as we in England are concerned, the afflictions are seldom long lasting, but we may have our delight in the garden spoilt by a pestilence of mosquitoes, and a plague of wasps may play havoc with our early fruit. Occasionally matters are more serious, and the bites of mosquitoes or flies which have been feeding on infective material lead to serious illness, sometimes death. The importance of regional insect control is still too little realised, and many suffer constant irritation because they neglect simple precautions. Rain-water tanks and butts are necessary in a garden, but they can be closed in with gauze covers or stocked with a jar of sticklebacks from the nearest pond. Better even than these little fish are the big *Dytiscus* water beetles common in many localities, but always obtainable from aquarists' shops. Lastly, there is the oiling of water ditches and ponds with paraffin oil. The Mosquito Control Institute at Hayling Island has a short but useful course in practical control measures, and if areas which are afflicted by the mosquito pest would send a representative to study there and then deal with the local nuisance, a great deal could be done to abate these plagues before they have time to become really serious.

IF those who visit the exhibition of Modern Commercial Architecture, open all this month at the R.I.B.A. Galleries 9, Conduit Street, expect "futurist" shocks, they will probably be disappointed. Ten years ago these massive, angular buildings—whether in America, Germany or England—would have been shocking enough. The epithets "mad" and "brutal" would doubtless have been applied to them. But, almost without their realising it, the sanity and vigour of the new architecture has won most people over to recognising how well it meets modern conditions and expresses modern values. The result is that one leaves the exhibition not with a sense of startled resentment, but feeling thoroughly elated. The photographs—nearly all of which have been specially taken by that genius in his craft, Mr. F. R. Yerbury—are arranged not by nations, but by types, so that, without looking at the catalogue, it is often difficult to tell of what nationality they are. Sometimes an emphatically efficient building, which looks as though it must be in Hamburg or Amsterdam, turns out to be in London—so quickly has England made up for its slow start. The exhibition establishes two principal facts: that the new architecture is primarily commercial in its origin, and that England, so far from lagging behind, is running the leaders very close in the race for excellence.

ONE essay in modernism, however—not in the exhibition, but to be seen within a few yards of it—has been criticised in a way that makes one wonder whether our authorities really are alive to the vitality of modern design. Mr. Oswald P. Milne's new entrance to Claridge's is one of the most refreshing of recent additions to London. Our climate, assisted by the Battersea Power Station, will all too soon dim its gay colours and white stone into mournful harmony with the rest of the building. But even now, while it is brand new, its lines are cleverly fitted to the existing façade and give a vivid idea of the amusing decorations within—which the old entrance certainly did not. Indeed, it enlivens the whole street. What London needs is not less, but more, colour applied to its architecture. Big buildings that loom mysteriously at the end of vistas,

or impress by their mass, only reach their full effect when darkened by smoke—the Albert Memorial is a standing example of the misuse of colour on a big scale. But at close quarters in streets, the more colour we are given the better, so long as it is applied with the good taste that Mr. Milne has brought to this example as to all others of his work.

AMONG recent developments in agriculture has been the setting up of numerous research stations throughout the country. Most of these institutions are doing exceedingly useful work, and in no case is their importance to the industry better shown than in that of the East Malling Fruit Research Station. At the annual meeting of the members last week, Major Walter Elliot, M.P., emphasised the importance of such stations as East Malling to the local farmer and how these scientific institutions form a definite link between the practical man and the scientist. Aided by the Ministry of Agriculture, the Empire Marketing Board and the local growers, the station has gradually extended in area and in its sphere of activity under the able administration of its director, Mr. R. C. Hatton. Every branch of fruit culture is being studied with a view to assisting commercial growers and so bringing back prosperity to the farmer. Not only do these stations benefit the industry at home, but they will become in time of extreme service to the Empire in investigating problems affecting growers abroad, and East Malling already occupies a position of importance in this respect. Most of these research stations, however, are working under difficulties, particularly a shortage of money, and East Malling has recently opened an endowment fund in the hope of raising a sufficient sum to meet an ever-increasing drain on their resources. It is to be hoped that the appeal for funds will meet with the response it deserves.

THE GULL.

High poised upon a point of wind,
A leaf caught and a moment held
While Time draws breath, then flung away
To meet the whims of circumstance.

Lifting and lifting to the sun
Like a white shadow on the air,
Reaching in beauty to the blue
With scarce a tremble of his wing!

Then sudden hesitating pause,
A glance below as one who hears
A loved voice crying and is stirred
By doubts of his ambitious dream;

And then swift sacrifice of all
Endeavour and desire and down,
Down like an arrow to delight
The moving meadow of the sea!

JAMES PARISH.

ONLY too often to-day, in revisiting a shady valley or a wooded stretch of road, we return to find, to our dismay, the trees all felled and the scene a scene of delight no more. The sight makes us angry or melancholy, according to our temperament, and we are left with a feeling of impotence in the face of a state of affairs which is obviously very much wrong. Most of the roadside trees and avenues whose loss we deplore were planted in the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries during the time when the English countryside obtained its characteristic park-like charm. Since then the art of tree planting has died; trees are felled in hundreds, but only a score or two are planted to replace them. The opportunity now exists of making good this neglect. The Roads Beautifying Association, which has come into existence to clothe with trees and shrubs the bareness of our new highways, has a scheme for planting Trees of Remembrance which anyone who wishes may have planted and cared for on payment to the Association of a small sum. If we wish future generations to rise up and bless us—and heaven knows they will have enough cause for cursing—we can at least do something to beautify the straight sides and bare banks of the new roads driven so ruthlessly through the countryside.

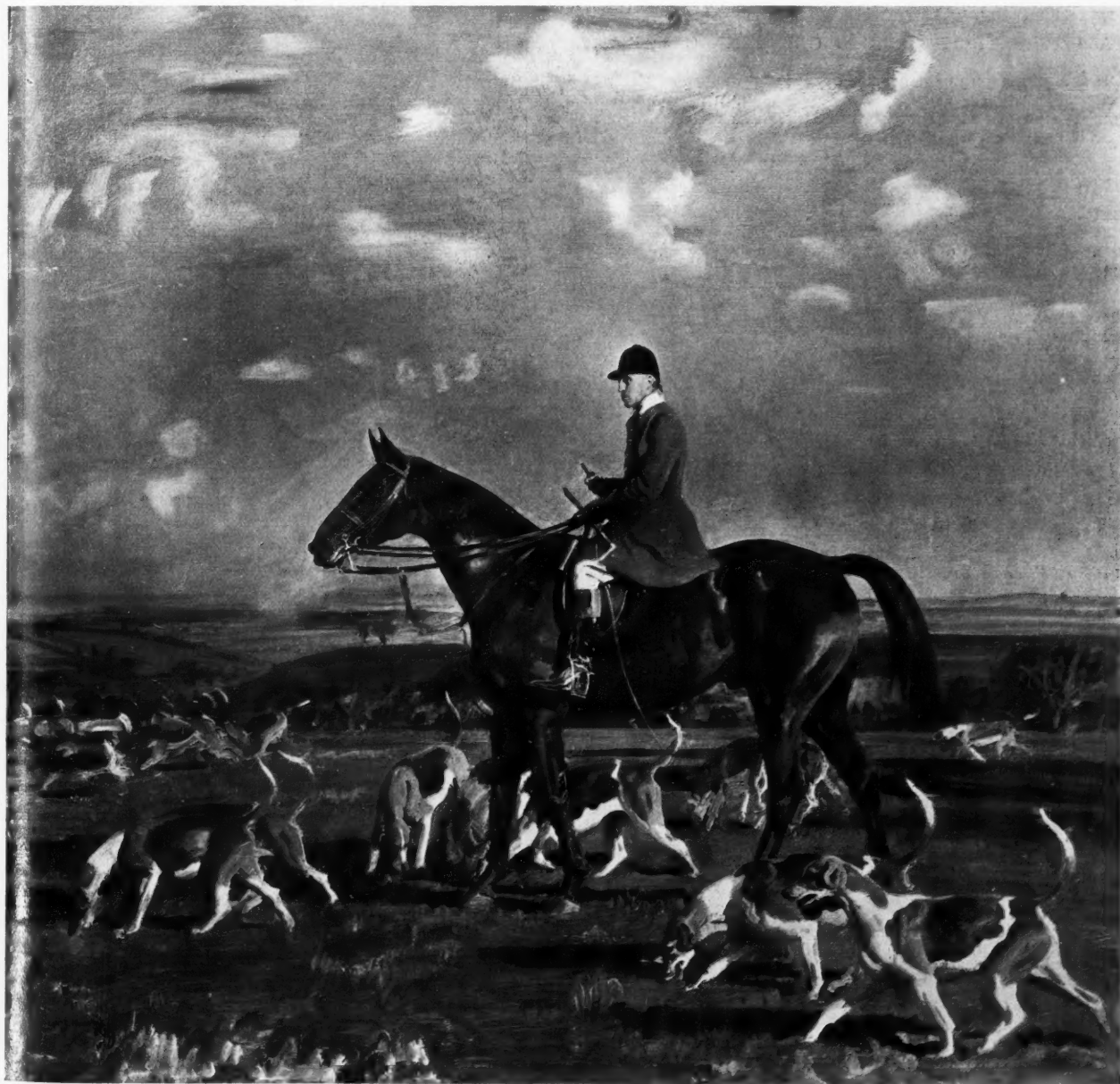
THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1929

THE first impression left by a rapid walk round the galleries at Burlington House is that the hanging committee has done its work well this year. The pictures are well distributed over the wall space, and a very welcome innovation has been made by shifting the black and white works from the farthest south room, which was seldom entered by the main stream of visitors, into No. 6, where they very effectively break the dreary monotony of room after room of oil paintings. Drawings and engravings, even at their worst, are seldom as objectionable as bad oil paintings, and this year the Academy is able to show some quite good work in black and white. The place of honour is occupied by four drawings by the late President, Sir Frank Dicksee, which have quite a pleasant flavour of a bygone generation, being in a style that has already found its place in the museums. The study of armour is executed with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, the wash drawing of drapery is reminiscent of the classicism of Watts; and if the figure drawings have not the virtue of a modern conception of form, they at least show the sound technique of an older school. Among the drawings, etchings and reproductive engravings of the present-day artists many will repay a perusal, and will reveal better qualities than the bulk of the paintings.

Besides giving greater prominence and more space to the black and white work, the new arrangement provides more space, too, for the water-colours, which now fill both south rooms. The appearance of the rooms is distinctly better, but the artistic gain is more questionable, as the water-colours at the Academy are proverbially bad. Why do not some of the better members, like Sickert, Russell or John, send drawings and water-colours in order to set a standard to which the exhibitors would then have to conform?

To turn from questions of arrangement to questions of artistic achievement, the most surprising fact to be noted is that,

on the whole, sculpture shows off better than painting this year. The general standard is somewhat better, while that of painting is rather worse; and two outstanding exhibitors, William McMillan and Gilbert Ledward, distinctly weigh the balance in favour of sculpture. The two figures by McMillan frankly aim at the tradition of Michelangelo: even the symbolism of the figures—they are emblematic of the sun and the moon—and their half-reclining poses recall the figures on the Medici tombs in Florence. This is not, perhaps, a very advantageous comparison, but the sculptor himself has invited it, and must bear the consequences. Naturally, he can show none of that amazing concentration of mass, through which the Florentine was able to express all the physical and spiritual energy of his conceptions. But the fact that these figures are modelled, apparently, for the purpose of being cast in bronze, while those were carved in marble, accounts for a good deal. The forms are altogether thinner and more spread out, more baroque in composition. The flying drapery behind the head of the Moon, and the raised hand and flaming hair of the Sun, show that, instead of trying to emulate Michelangelo in a narrow, slavish fashion, a procedure that, at best, can produce nothing but a good fake, Mr. McMillan has taken into account the achievement of Bernini and the later French sculptors. The figures are destined for the decoration of a fountain and are altogether too large to be seen in a room, certainly in a room where they are surrounded by other sculpture mostly on a much smaller scale and where it is impossible to get far enough away from them. Out of doors, and in their proper setting, it will be possible to make a more just estimate of them. At present one can only point out certain qualities of handling, as in the animals accompanying each figure, and in the plastic treatment of the starry heavens beneath the figure of the Moon, which might have been such pitfalls to the sculptor, and are, as a matter of fact, treated with considerable invention and



"FRANK FREEMAN, HUNTSMAN TO THE PYTCHLEY, ON PILOT," BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.

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A PORTRAIT, BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, R.A.

beauty. The group of two caryatides carved in stone by Gilbert Ledward is more modern in its simple monumentality and its combination of variety with symmetry. It should have been placed in the centre of the hall.

The most interesting sculptures, apart from these, are a "Listening Nymph," recalling the decorative-archaistic style of Charles Wheeler, by Phyllis Clay; the composition of a "Mother and Child," by Angela Sykes; and, among the portraits, some extremely well modelled heads by Hester Holman and Erica Lee. There are also two low reliefs in stone by G. Havard

THE LADY LLOYD OF DOLOBRAN,
BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.

Thomas; the bull is more satisfactory than the maiden in the "Europa," but in the "Leda," bird and woman have been better composed into a single whole.

Among the pictures there is nothing of outstanding importance; no fresh elements have been admitted, and the achievement of the regular exhibitors shows no startling improvement. As usual, portraits predominate; landscapes, though numerous, show little vitality; the historical costume picture has practically disappeared, and none will regret it; but a few strictly academic compositions with nudes still remain to show that some of the younger artists do not regard the Academy merely as an agency through which they can obtain commissions for portraits.

A picture that is likely to present a puzzle to many by its somewhat involved combination of scenes—"The Threefold Epiphany," by Glyn Philpot—does not belong to any of these categories, and is, in fact, an original attempt to group religious subjects in a single composition. The association of the Adoration of the Magi, the Baptism of Christ by St. John, and

MISS MARGARET BEAVAN, LORD MAYOR OF
LIVERPOOL, BY JOHN A. A. BERRIE.

the Miracle at the Marriage of Cana, is not a new one. These events were supposed to have happened on the same day of the year, and in early times they were celebrated together as the Epiphany of manifestation of Christ. In mediæval art, especially in stained-glass windows, the three subjects were frequently treated together in adjacent compartments, but, of course, the figure of Christ appeared in each. The originality of Mr. Glyn Philpot's conception lies in the fact that he has not represented the central figure in any of the scenes, but has so disposed his groups as to suggest that he is in front but just outside the limits of the picture. By this means the three scenes have been united, or, rather, the action of each has been focussed upon a common, invisible centre, and the composition is still further pulled together by the landscape with its wide space circumscribed by hills, and its shining lake in the centre, producing a sort of glory above the group of the Magi. The scene is, perhaps, too crowded to offer the painter a free hand to enjoy himself with his brush,



"THE THREEFOLD EPIPHANY," BY GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.



"THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE DUVEEN GALLERIES, MILLBANK, 1927," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.
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"THE MOON."



"THE SUN."

MODELS FOR PART OF A FOUNTAIN. BY WILLIAM McMILLAN, A.R.A.

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but there are quite beautiful passages in it, though not as broad or free as in the portrait of the "Lady Lloyd of Dolobran," by the same artist, which rightly occupies a place of honour in Gallery III.

The more typical academic compositions include three paintings by Ernest Procter in his usual style; a fairly pleasing group of two nudes, entitled "Repose," by Lancelot Glasson; and "The Return of Persephone," by Alfred Lawrence, which shows the mastery one would expect of a Rome scholar in the drawing of the figures, but is marred by the too pictorially treated and too vividly coloured background.

The most successful of the Royal portraits is that of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, by Meredith Frampton. His somewhat cold precision in modelling and his care to bring out the pattern of all the accessories of costume and setting are eminently suited for this type of official portraiture. For psychology and brilliance of handling we have to turn to Augustus John, who shows two fine male portraits, and to Sir William Orpen, who is at his best in the portrait of Sir Ray Lankester. The only painter in the Academy who seems able to make a picture and not a fashion plate of a woman, and at the same time to express some of those subtler qualities of charm or temperament

which emanate from the sitter, is W. W. Russell, of whose portraits that of "Lydia" (No. 46) is the most richly endowed with this quality of atmosphere. W. G. de Glehn has painted a graceful portrait of Lady Frank in which he expresses some of this feminine charm, together with great beauty of colour; and Maurice Greiffenhagen has achieved quite a success in his "Portrait of a Boy" (No. 93) by treating it in an almost poster-like fashion of contrasting flat tones. For sheer brilliance of painting, however, there is nothing to equal Sickert's large painting of Sir Nigel Playfair as Tony Lumpkin, in Gallery VIII, where the most unconventional paintings have been grouped this year.

There is little to say about landscape painting, except to note that Algernon Newton is rather less successful in his "Norfolk Mill," where he is beginning to depart from the formality of his earlier style, than in his smaller Norfolk landscape; that Philip Padwick continues to develop his art on more decorative lines; and to point out the sound qualities of James Bateman's "Pastoral," purchased by the Chantry trustees.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the exhibition hardly bears out Watts' phrase printed on the title page of the catalogue: "I believe the love of beauty to be inherent in the human mind." M. CHAMOT.

MUIRFIELD PAST AND PRESENT

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

SOME things cannot be done. One is to be at two places at once, Muirfield and Gullane, to watch the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship. Another is to write an account of that Championship, which ends on Friday, for COUNTRY LIFE, which goes to press a day or two before.

At the same time, I feel it a duty to write something about Muirfield, and one thing that comes straightway into my head is the first Open Championship that ever was played there and was won by Mr. Hilton in the dim ages of 1892. I remember that Championship, in my mind's eye, particularly well. I was not there to see it; I was at school, but it seems to me to have been the first Championship the accounts of which really fired my imagination. I had been reading about them for several years before that, and I had been much elated when Mr. John Ball had won in 1890 at Prestwick, but this one really set me dancing with excitement. So now, when I took down from the shelf my nice old green *Golfing Annual*, with the nice little gold skeleton putting on the outside, I knew exactly what I should find. There would be a photograph of Mr. Hilton with a double-breasted white waistcoat, a gorgeous "waterfall" tie with a pin in it, check knickerbockers and a moustache; and, sure enough, there he was just as I had adored him from a distance thirty-seven years ago. As I re-read the account of his triumph the sentences were so familiar that I think I could have almost repeated some of them by heart. Moreover, altogether apart from these sentimental thrills of mine, that still seems to me a very interesting Championship both for its own sake and because it illustrates the changes that have come over golf since then.

First of all, it marked the coming of Muirfield. The Honourable Company, on leaving their old home at Musselburgh for their new one at Muirfield, had taken the Championship with them, and this was a terrible blow to Musselburgh, deeply resented, and was, in a sense, the beginning of the end for that famous course. The writer of the article in the *Golfing Annual* gravely doubted the wisdom of the change. "Muirfield," he wrote, "is an excellent private course—in fact, we know of none better—and the putting greens are magnificent; but there is a sameness about the eighteen holes, and they are not such a reliable test of golfing ability as the nine holes at Musselburgh. Then its inaccessibility, situated as it is about four miles from the nearest railway station, is an undoubted drawback in some respects, albeit this much may be said that the players are not hampered by large followings." The following certainly does not seem to have been large, for the author goes on to speak of "the hundred or so followers of the royal and ancient game who journeyed from Edinburgh." Listen to that with envy, ye champions of this week, beset by surging crowds even though they have to pay gate money, and listen still more enviously, ye toiling, sweating stewards who have to keep the crowds back! The world went very well then.

A second interesting feature was that this year four rounds were played instead of two, and the Championship, which now takes five days all told, took for the first time in its history more than a single day. Presumably, to mark this event the prize money was increased, a fact described as "a welcome surprise to the professional candidates for honours." The prizes were not, in fact, so very grand. Hugh Kirkaldy and Sandy Herd tied for the first place among the professionals,

and they received £15 apiece; the two who came next, Ben Sayers and James Kay, got £7 apiece, and so on down to two who each got ten shillings, and spent it, no doubt, very jovially as soon as they got it.

Another point about this Championship was that from start to finish the amateurs were leading the way. They have never collectively done so well before or since, not even when Mr. Bobby Jones made rings round all the professionals at St. Andrews, for he was only one amateur, and this time there were three. First of all came Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who, with 74 and 78, led the field at the end of the first day by three strokes; and, incidentally, there must have been something a little bitter in feeling that in any previous year those two rounds would have made him champion outright. Three men tied for second place, and one of them was an amateur, Mr. Ball, with 75 and 80. Mr. Hilton was, comparatively speaking, some way behind, with 78 and 81, and he had had to play very well to do that 81, since he had started disastrously with a four, five fives in a row and then a seven. On the next day there were soon only two little amateur nigger boys left, for Mr. Hutchinson, unhappily, ruined himself with a first round of 86, but Mr. Ball, with a 74, was ahead, and two strokes behind him was Mr. Hilton, who had come up with a tremendous bound by means of a 72. So, with one round to go, the amateurs were first and second.

Mr. Ball was the first to set out in the afternoon; he took too many putts, finished in 79 and set the field something to shoot at in a total of 308. Hugh Kirkaldy wanted a five to beat him, but was bunkered in front of the last hole, took six and tied. Herd likewise wanted a five, and he was not bunkered, but "missed an easy putt," and that was another six and a triple tie, so far, for first place. Mr. Hilton, however, was doing so well in the rear that the three always seemed likely to be beaten. With four holes to go he only had to do one better than fives to win. He holed the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth in 3, 4, 3, and now nothing but lunacy or apoplexy could stop him. He had a nine to win, and that was, indeed, an enviable situation. He played the last hole with great circumspection in six, and won by three strokes.

Muirfield was not a long course in those days, and my *Golfing Annual* says that the par of the round "might be placed at about 72." Judged by that standard, the winning total of 305 will not strike the modern player as very good: he may say that people have to keep much closer to par to win nowadays. So, indeed, they have, but Muirfield was a new course, and clubs, balls, fairways and putting greens have changed so much

since then that it would be very dangerous to make too much of these figures. No doubt, however, the pace is fiercer, the strain even greater now than it was then, and a few words in the article I have been quoting tend to show it. Mr. Hilton's game is praised as being "dashing" and "in pleasing contrast to the more cautious mode of the professionals." It is tolerably certain that to-day nobody can win a championship without being dashing, and that caution will never get a man quite to the top of the tree. J. H. Taylor and Harry Vardon were not playing in that Championship, but they were coming very soon, and with them there came gradually, I think, a new, or, at any rate, an enlarged, idea of the possibilities of golf in combining boldness and accuracy in the long shot up to the pin.

I did not myself see Muirfield till a good many years after that Championship, but I remember being told at the time that it was rather short and amusing, with lots of "drive-and-pitch" holes; in short, that it was "good fun" rather than a "test of golf." That seems very odd to-day when Mr. Joshua Crane, by his elaborate system of marking, brings Muirfield out at the top of his list among all British courses, and even those who most heartily disagree with his methods admit that it is a very severe test indeed. It has been so stretched and altered that I imagine scarcely a hole now remains of the course over which Mr. Hilton won his great victory. There are not many holes left of the course over which Mr. Maxwell beat Mr. Cecil Hutchisson in the famous final of 1909. In one respect, however, Muirfield is not, I suppose, as difficult as it used to be when I first knew it, and that is in the quality of the rough. It has always possessed one characteristic of an inland course, in that the tee shots have to be hit down an avenue with rough on either side. That rough used to be very rough indeed, and the ordinary mortal, not gifted with tremendous power with his iron clubs, had regularly to sacrifice a shot and get back on to the fairway if he could, and by the shortest road he could. To-day the rough can still be severe in places, but, generally speaking, a strong man with some kind of lofted iron club can do a great deal in the way of long recovering shots.

And now I must pack my bag and take my train and go to renew acquaintance with that pleasant spot. The wind is howling as I write; it makes me think of the trees in Archerfield Wood that bound the course, permanently bent and heeling over under the wind that blows there. It also makes me humbly, if shamefully, grateful that I have not got to struggle with that wind or play in that Championship, but can take my ease in criticising better men.



Allan Phillips.

THE CALL OF SPRING.

Copyright.

"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE..."

BY JAMES AGATE.

ON arriv'g at the altogether delightful John-Street apartment of the Camera Club, where an exhibition of photographs of prominent actresses was taking place, I beheld a distinguished galaxy, bevy or masculine equivalent. In fact, the people present were nearly all male. They were the photographers, and presently I sought among them Miss Dorothy Wilding, whose photographs I had so much admired, but in vain. It was not the first time I had been to a photographic exhibition. Some time ago I lent my features to a photographer, who subsequently wrote to ask whether he might include them in an exhibition. I agreed, and arranged to be present on the opening day, wearing the same suit, shirt, collar, tie, etc., with the intention of mingling with the crowd round the portrait. (Thus great ladies and society beauties are wont to do when the photographer is a Lavery, an Orpen or a John.) Well, I mingled all right, but there was no crowd. In fact, I had the greatest difficulty in finding the portrait. Ah! There it was, skied and in a corner, and under it was written, not—

No. 127. Portrait of James Agate, Esq.,

but

No 127. Example of Lighting.

I draw a veil over my disappointment, which was blacker than the photographer's focussing cloth. But at the Camera Club's

Exhibition there were no disappointments, since under each photograph was written in small letters the name of the actress and in large letters the name of the photographer. Or hardly any disappointments. The gentleman with the glossiest collar and least maculate spats, whom I took to be the organiser of the Exhibition, confessed that he had been flummoxed by the arrival of four portraits to which no names had been attached. This offending his sense of symmetry, he had written "Sybil Thorndike" beneath all of them! Several people having indignantly objected, but proving themselves unable to identify the artists, my symmetrical friend had gallantly demanded what better name he could have affixed.

I found the Exhibition divided into two rooms—the first a small Chamber of Horrors, and the second the Exhibition proper. I have written Horrors because of the extreme unlikeness of the photographs to the subjects alleged to be presented. There is one of a gay little actress, at one time a popular favourite in Mr. Cochran's *revues*, which makes her look about as animate as a waxwork. Next to this little lady is a portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, which is totally unrecognisable. It might be anybody, whereas the whole genius of Mrs. Campbell's appearance is that it cannot possibly belong to anybody else. On the opposite wall is a picture of extraordinary loveliness without personality. Every feature is perfect, but one has not the vaguest notion to whom the whole assemblage of features



Dorothy Wilding.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

Copyright,

belongs. "Gladys Cooper" is the name beneath the portrait, and I will swear that, though I have seen this distinguished actress a hundred times, I have never seen her wear loveliness of the unidentifiable order. The ante-chamber is, however, redeemed by a particularly charming portrait by Yvonne Gregory of Miss Gwen Frangon-Daves in a long, broad, flowing skirt and her mood remotest from petulance.

The main room has a delicious photograph of Miss Tallulah Bankhead. I must deny myself the pleasure of describing this picture as its reproduction enables readers to appreciate it for themselves. Next to Miss Bankhead is Miss Fay Compton, whose picture is also reproduced. It does, I think, full justice to that nose which once I ventured to describe as being innocent and tender like that of one of Wordsworth's lambs grazing in the pastures above Rydal Water. The pictures of Miss Bankhead and Miss Compton are by Dorothy Wilding. The third of our reproductions is a delightful one of Miss Jessie Matthews, a perfect re-creation. There are two people in this little artist. One is the sophisticated actress for whom one can only repeat the phrases found by Sarcey for Réjane on her first appearance: "Une petite frimousse éveillée" and "an air too wide-awake for the house of Molière." But an actress can hardly be too wide-awake for the London Pavilion. On the other hand, wide-awakeness must have its foil. The



Dorothy Wilding. MISS FAY COMPTON. Copyright.

present photograph shows Miss Matthews just awakening to the world about her and not quite sure whether she likes her success. This photograph is by Angus Faith. Last of our photographs is one of hands belonging to Miss Elsa Lanchester. I suggest that it is a perfect photograph not only of the hands, but of their owner. This picture by Gregory Barnard and one of Miss Binnie Hale by Tom Craven are the only two pieces of wit in an exhibition which walks a trifle too soberly among beauty. But this does not mean that the show does not contain very many fine portraits of which I would single out for special attention a beautiful one of Miss Margaret Bannerman and a tender one of Miss Edna Best in "The Constant Nymph." There is also the familiar picture of Miss Maisie Gay as a battered harridan singing "What Love Means." But why is there no portrait of Miss Nellie Wallace? Is it that the photographer's art must here admit defeat and that alone the painter can be relied upon to do justice to those lineaments?

On the whole, I found the show a trifle too august. This was possibly because the portraits lack an air of intimacy and, in other words, are too grand. They are also too large, for, in my view, photographs of actresses should be the size to sit lightly upon a mantelpiece. If a personal confession be permitted, I may say that I would not exchange the contents of this magnificent Exhibition for the few photographs which ornament my den. Of all my photographs only one is signed,



Angus Faith. MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS. Copyright.

and it bears in bold letters scrawled at the foot, "Lily Langtry." Sarah is on the mantelpiece, wearing that mantle which I will not again describe. Next to her is Réjane, toying with a little jewelled chain and looking infinitely modish. Close at hand, Ellen Terry and Forbes-Robertson, in the costumes of the 'eighties, peer wistfully down the years. And, then, there is my little snapshot of Henry Irving taken on the links at Cromer. He wears a broad-brimmed hat and baggy trousers, and holds a cigar in his thin hand. For once his looks less than Mephistophelean. But a mantelpiece must be more than a shrine for high-falutin' heroes and heroines, so here is Vesta Tilley celebrating some forgotten triumph—Mafeking, perhaps. Mafeking!—there you have the secret of my preference for these old photographs. They are echoes of the always lovely past.



Gregory Barnard. MISS ELSA LANCHESTER. Copyright.

"THE FINEST VIEW"



THE KADIR BUNDOBAST.

WHAT has happened to Snaffles? That is a question which many of those who follow sport have been asking for the past six months and more. The number of the mounted artists of sport—of those who are horsemen and can seize the galloping moment and hold it for us in picture—is not so great that a Snaffles can disappear from England without questions being asked. The answer to those questions is, to-day, in the Sporting Gallery of King Street, close to Covent Garden. For Snaffles, having long ago shown us "The Finest View in Europe" seen from the back of a horse, has been to Asia, looking at the India view, seen from a horse's back.

What *might* have happened to Snaffles in Asia a man who knows anything of Indian pig-sticking must shudder and shiver to think, as he looks at the Gallery pictures. Muttra, Delhi, Meerut and up to the Khyber Pass; if an artist is nearly as safe in the Khyber Pass as he is in King Street—if to hunt the jack with the Peshawar Vale has no greater element of mere danger than to hunt the fox in England—I will still insist that you shall shiver and shake as you look at those of the Gallery pictures which are pictures of sticking the pig. Snaffles is to-day in King Street, but a month or two ago *anything* might have happened to Snaffles: for that is the thrill of sticking the pig—that it is, out and away, the most dangerous sport which man has ever devised.

So clearly and excitingly is this the case that a man can make lively pictures of pig-sticking without ever going to India. Indeed, this is the very first occasion on which an artist of the Snaffles calibre has gone to India, and returned to exhibit the sport of India, seen from a horse's back. And *has* he seen it? *What* has he seen? *What* is there to see? During this month of May we may suppose that, among the many sportsmen and women who visit

the Sporting Gallery, there will be strong representation of men (and women) home from India—of men and women who carry the pictures of India, if not always in their hearts, yet clearly in their heads. Of the sport of India any one of us may recognise that Snaffles has assuredly seen it—and that he has seen almost every detail of it. It will be for those men who are home from India to say whether he has not shown us, as well, things which some who live in India might otherwise have missed.

There is pageantry in the East—that grandest of pageantry, where men and women, elephants and horses move in the true

setting of the pageant picture. There are pageants and picnics in the East, and the Eastern picnic of a Kadir Cup takes place in a wealth of incident and colour, sufficient to make the heart of an artist bound. (It also takes place with a wealth of attendants and luxury, enough to make the mouth of the harassed housewives of England water.) There is thrill and skill in those sports of the East—such as call for men of leather, blood and steel, quick-brained, courageous, very fit. And behind it all there is something which has lain at the roots of Empire, growing this heart-of-oak tree.

Snaffles—with that news-sense and eye to the essential which are so surely his—has seized upon two figures of the pageant, two central figures of the pageant, and brought them home to us. The first he has called "The Poshteen" and the other "Old Bill." It may be that many besides those now home from India will know the true name of this Old Bill who sits there on his horse, a king of the fiercest sport. It can hardly be that many (besides those who have been in India) will know that *poshteen* or *posteen* is a coat. The huntsman (or Master) of this *poshteen* picture stands and stamps there in his fleecy sheepskin coat wishing he were all coat. Soon, with one of those quick (and horrid) changes of the East, the sun



"OLD BILL."

will be up and his *poshteen* coat will be off and he galloping that Peshawar Vale behind the flying pack. Snaffles has another picture—of that Peshawar Vale itself—a picture of full cry, with the field behind the flying pack: and except, perhaps, for those mountains in the distance and the topee on the head of this near-by, galloping, scarlet-coated horseman, this might almost be an English "Vale," with that back and the ditch on the side near to us. That "might almost be England" notion is tiresome when pushed too far, but exiles of Empire, in the past and even the present, have taken and still take comfort in far lands from such far-fetched talk. To-day, when a journey to India can be flown in forty-eight hours, we are rapidly approaching the time when exile itself will be, comfortably, a thing of the past. From Bangalore to Bermondsey, from Melton to Meerut—a commercial traveller, home again for Sunday, a soldier on two days' leave, gone a-hunting with the Quorn—no need then for any "almost England" to worry the thoughts of exile. In the meantime labour and exile for Empire make their demands upon Englishmen; and the toils and many miseries of exile remain. It is only the sport of exile which in the past has made some of those miseries tolerable. The hour passes, and Snaffles has done well, one would say, to give us a view of a *poshteen* coat (and a sight of an "Old Bill") before the especial virtue which may be wrapped in a *poshteen* coat loses, so to speak, something of its Imperial figure.

But it is the horse to whom the chief honour is given and tribute paid in the Kadir Cup and in all pig-sticking. The



"BLAST YER, YER CRAFTY OLD DEVIL!"

sound; in another drawing—"One of them out of it"—horseman has taken a most almighty toss, and if horseman is now comparatively safe, one can guess that horse is unlikely to be sound for some little time to come. Those are pictures of the dangers of the game—dangers which the horse, if anyone (and no one if not the horse), can guard against. In that galloping game in pursuit of a boar the man has little enough say in matters of pace or direction; he may call for a special spurt when good going or a tiring boar shows him the time has come—but his horse's mouth he should leave alone at all times, and most of all at those times when the nullah, the swamp, the gaping hole put in a last-moment appearance.

horse, the pig, and the man—that is the order of importance. In the Snaffles painting of "The Kadir Bundobast" we see the pageant as a whole, and the horses chiefly in evidence are the spare and later-heat horses which the syces are leading behind the line of elephants. In front of the line it is rather stretcher-bearers than horses which catch and hold our attention—those ominous and necessary companions of the fiercest sport in the world. But, "Blast yer, yer crafty old devil!"—with this pardonably explosive title to his drawing, the artist brings us and his horses and horsemen down to the grimmer realities. Indeed, his horses and horsemen he has very nearly sent down to the bottom of a well—or pig has very nearly sent them there, jinking to slip out of the picture at the very last moment, as those horses and horsemen pursue him through the head-high grass. Here the horsemen, by the skin of their teeth, remain safe and



"THERE'S MANY A JINK 'TWTX THE CUP AND THE PIG."

"Many a jink 'twixt the Cup and the Pig" brings the boar for the first time into these pictures, but this and other drawings amply suggest the degree of skill, in horsemanship and the use of the spear, which pursuit of the pig requires. A painting of the head of a boar, seen low down at the edge of tall grass in the evening light, reminds us of the demands which "staunchness to pig" make upon a horse—and even on a man! With such an angry face and fearsome tusks confronting them, it is small wonder that some horses are *not* staunch to a charging pig hurtling himself at their legs. And if a man, taking a limb-breaking toss, has once lain there defenceless with those tusks attacking him—well, it is a pretty useful sort of man who retains a taste for pig-sticking after a thing like that.

And he is a useful sort of man—this pig-sticker. Those who go pig-sticking in India are the fittest men in the land. They have to be. Of course, they have their compensations—the compensations of a fitness which leaves a man bursting with health at the end of a strenuous day. And at the end of the day there are other compensations, not all of the picnic sort. Snaffles has shown us the Indian noon—painted the peacocks and that Eastern sky, under which men swelter and swink. But Snaffles has shown us, too, the night time. In the elephant lines of "The Hathi Bagh" it is possible that some of us will see only the



"THE POSHTEEN."

Do you say that this is an over-grand way to talk of pictures of pig-sticking and hunting the jackal? Then, remembering what Empire owes to exiles, I will tell you to go to—I will ask you to visit the Sporting Gallery, and to see that picture of "The Finest View in Asia" for yourself. At least you will agree that it is a view to which Snaffles lends enchantment.

CRASCREDO.

ALFRED GILBERT

Alfred Gilbert, by Isabel McAllister, with 40 plates in photogravure. (Black, 2 guineas: *edition de luxe*, 5 guineas.)

HERE is the book for which the world of art has waited for so long, and which assuredly would yet have been delayed had not argument and entreaty succeeded at last in persuading the sculptor to relax his strong-willed opposition.

And what do we find? We find not only a full record of Mr. Alfred Gilbert's work (a certain proportion of which is unknown to even the most diligent frequenters of exhibitions here and abroad) and a biography of the man, but a psychological study admirably, and perhaps a little insistently, presented by Miss Isabel McAllister, with equal truth and enthusiasm. We have here a revelation of character closely analysed—an exposition of an artistic genius of a kind unprecedented in this country and rare enough in any other land or other age—an explanation, in the nature of a defence, of a temperamental inability to cope successfully with business affairs (an instinct we all know to be natural to many of the most honourable of artists and poets), which brought about a failure a generation ago. The sculptor-craftsman was grievously misrepresented at the time, yet kept a proud but, as many feel, an ill-judged silence then and ever since. As we are told, "he never explains" when either criticised or abused.

And now, when matters are better understood and he has been summoned back to England by the King, and has been received with hearty welcome by friends and fellow-countrymen at large—he would still maintain a strict personal privacy until he has completed the works which are to set the seal on his justification, and will, there is no doubt, raise his reputation to an eminence higher than ever before. The Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain (popularly misnamed "Eros"), the Clarence Memorial and the Memorial to Queen Alexandra, now rapidly

approaching completion, are all notably, and for various reasons at the present moment, in the public mind; and notwithstanding that they were produced thirty-two years apart, they prove that the genius that blazed forth in 1887 in the glorious statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester is as alive to-day as then, although the flame is, perhaps, a little more closely controlled. Mr. Gilbert was thirty-three years old then; now he is seventy-five, and yet his artistic vision is as undimmed, his imagination not less luxuriant, and his hand as dexterous and as masterly as ever.

We have here the story of the man. First comes his "life," lightly handled, with many bright anecdotes, and experiences, almost worthy to be called a biography, especially as some of the periods set before us are founded on Mr. Gilbert's diaries, which, happily, escaped the explosion of the German bomb that ruined his studio at Bruges: here many of his friends are introduced. There follows the critical dissection of the man's temperament and disposition, to which we have alluded. We are made to realise the romantic character of the book's hero—his concentrated devotion to the Ideal and the Beautiful, his passion for the art he is producing without thought of profit and scarcely of reputation. Not fame, but beauty is the object of his aspiration, and wealth is utterly forgotten. If we seek for proof of it, we have it in the typical example of the Shaftesbury Fountain, for which he was paid £3,000, but on which, for completeness' and excellence's sake, he deliberately spent £7,000: a known expert declared that such a work must have cost about five times as much. Thus it was Gilbert's own gift to London as much as a tribute to the great philanthropist. Miss McAllister assures us that the sculptor's "remuneration has seldom covered the cost of the materials he has employed," while more than a score of his works were presented, not sold, by him to their owners.

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What more eloquent witness have we of the affectionate generosity quite heedless of prudence that—allied to his extreme severity of judgment of those of his own works which did not reach his ideal (although, perhaps, commissioned) wherefore he destroyed them—led to financial loss that has crippled him throughout his career? It is not surprising that we find him preaching, as the ground-rock for every honest artist, humility and high endeavour, even as G. F. Watts, R.A., declared for them in his own way in his two mottoes, "Remember the Daisies" and "The Utmost for the Highest."

We are told, truly enough, that "he is a genius fashioned by heredity, little modified by environment." It is, no doubt, to heredity that Gilbert owes it that he is not only a super-artist, but a fatalist, a scientist, and a musician—now blithely happy in his work, now deeply depressed, a puzzle to most, probably also to himself. And through all his experiences of fortune family affection has been his support, and—let no man smile—his mother was always his comfort. "Queen Victoria," he said, "is the Queen of my Country, my mother is the Queen of my heart." His admired mother—a brilliant musician—is constantly spoken of. Gilbert was no cubman: reading and music were his recreations, and he generally spent his evenings, as he says, "in the company of my ever wonderful mother, when she would play to me by the hour and charm the silence by the melody of her voice. We often played duets together. My mother knew the power of her music over me." And when he was hard at work on the Clarence Tomb she would play and sing to him hour after hour, and inspire him in mind and touch. A moving and a charming picture, truly! Of such is the complex emotional side of the book composed.

The historical chapters give us a full sketch of the Gilbert family and its forebears—of Gilbert's school and student days, of his life at Heatherley's, at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, in Italy—and of ecstatic study and labour during those happy days. Then London and the early triumphs of the young sculptor, too early recognised, though never spoiled; and his many friends among the cleverest and most renowned; and detailed particulars about all the noble works he was producing, including those statuettes of "Comedy" and "Tragedy," which personify so well the light and shadow of his own life. Then came his great sorrow and his self-exile in Bruges and Rome, and then his return to England (which had, already in 1907, been desired by King Edward—a fact not mentioned here), in which happy development the author of this book is commonly believed to have played a part. And, finally, we leave him at his studio by the Palace in Kensington Gardens putting final touches to the superb and original Queen Alexandra Memorial which the public is soon to salute.

Such is this book, in bare outline, which every lover of art will hasten to possess, with its numerous illustrations of much of the best known of the sculptor's work, and some of the latest, refreshingly new. The careful examination of these will bring home to the reader the significance of the artist's claim to personal originality, written to Mr. S. Wilson, for whom he was working: "I have the conviction that my works, when I am dead and gone, will be regarded as my own children, and not the creatures of others who have preceded me." The claim is modest enough: no claim to excellence have I myself ever heard issue from his diffident lips. Nor does he say anything of his master-quality—imagination. But the author, who has dealt with the whole subject with singular tact, discretion and high intelligence, and in many passages with singular grace and skill, expresses her own view as to "what is imagination and the thoughts that flit so lightly across the brain.

Illusive as a piece of thistledown floating in the breeze, evanescent as a snowflake that dissolves before it reaches the ground—and ephemeral as a butterfly's wing, that the slightest touch reduces to powder."

Many may be more interested to read—probably for the first time—of the statues and memorials by Mr. Alfred Gilbert which are distributed about the country; or to marvel how the sculptor, being suddenly commissioned to produce a memorial to the Duke of Clarence, after having only two days to think it over, locked himself in his studio, and when, four days later, he threw open the door he had finished the splendid model for the memorial in all its amazing details, and all its thought-out figures—so that when the then Prince of Wales hurried to the studio a few hours later he rightly declared the achievement "nothing short of a miracle!" And this is but one wonder of many here recorded. M. H. SPIELMANN.

Isadora Duncan's Russian Days, and Her Last Days in France, by Irma Duncan and Allan Ross MacDougall. (Gollancz, 15s.) IF ever destiny played pranks with genius housed in a woman's body it surely surpassed all records in the life of Isadora Duncan. Her pupil and adopted daughter Irma, and her secretary, Allan Ross MacDougall, have written the latest of the many words both from Isadora herself and her admirers and detractors, to explain and relate a life of world-wide success and ignominious defeat. Inspired in 1921 by the thought of getting rid of commercial art, Isadora Duncan offered her gifts, her services to Russia. The writers insist she spent there three of her happiest years. The impression left, however, is that of constant turmoil, disappointment and suffering in her endeavour to found a school of dancing for a thousand children who would carry on, allied to great music, her ideals of dancing. The struggles of herself and Irma are described with a vivid pen which also sketches some of Russia's noted personalities of that period. It ultimately became a hopeless enterprise. Her own temperament would strike an ordinary mind as being an obstacle, for while in Russia she married, with more than her usual recklessness, a young Bolshevik poet, Essenine. She was bitten by one of her grandiose ideas to show this peasant genius the world of civilisation, and flew from Russia to Berlin. Then to Paris and America they journeyed; but wherever she went his drunkenness, his brutalities in that condition, made her life impossible. The episode closed finally in Russia, and two years later, when Isadora had left Russia, Essenine hanged himself. Artists, perhaps, are inclined to balance themselves on a tight-rope above the social fabric, but no one did so with such disastrous results as Isadora Duncan. Yet, she was sincere, honest and devoted to her art.

The Path of Glory, by George Blake. (Constable, 6s.) MR. BLAKE has very nearly achieved a really great book here. He shows us the fighting in Gallipoli through the eyes of one Col Macaulay, a man of the Islands who had drifted into the shipyards of the Clyde and drifted on into the Army at the call of the pipes. Col Macaulay is simple to the verge of childishness, with the awful patience of the ignorant and their persistence, and his two devotions, to the pipes and to his friend John Macleod, are scarcely touched by the circumstances of his squalid marriage, while the regiment is in training, to a servant girl who is also from the Isles. He never understands much about the why and wherefores of the war and he does not make a very good soldier; he loses his life, in fact, because, thinking John Macleod missing, he goes out to look for him contrary to orders. There is something less than epic grandeur in his history as Mr. Blake tells it, and yet it only misses greatness by a hair's breadth; its pathos and humour alike are from the ground of the heart, and the simple heart at that. But by what miracle of looking backwards did soldiers of the Great War, travelling down England to their port of embarkation, see the spire still on Hereford Cathedral?

Topsy, M.P., by A. P. Herbert. (Benn, 6s.)

OF course, we all know Topsy, M.P., already—we knew her before her marriage to Mr. Haddock and have heard a good deal about her since; but this second instalment of her adventures, collected from *Punch*, is none the less welcome. For *Topsy, M.P.*, is the ideal bedside book, to be dipped into just before falling asleep, to chase away the little nagging cares of the day and end it with a smile, if not a laugh. This second book is as good as the first—indeed, speaking for myself, it contains my favourite papers, "Topsy Flies Half the Atlantic" and "Topsy Converts the Councillor," S.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THE VISIT OF THE GYPSIES, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Duckworth, 8s. 6d.); LATER LETTERS, by Lady Augusta Stanley, edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho (Cape, 12s. 6d.). FICTION.—PARACHUTE, by Ramon Guthrie (Howe, 7s. 6d.); MR. MULLINER SPEAKING, by P. G. Wodehouse (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.); TOPSY, M.P., by A. P. Herbert (Benn, 6s.).



WORKING MODEL FOR THE ST. GEORGE PANEL ON THE DUKE OF CLARENCE MEMORIAL.

(From "Alfred Gilbert.")

PORCELAIN IN THE CHINESE TASTE

CAPTAIN OSWALD LIDDELL'S COLLECTION



1.—FAMILLE NOIRE BOWL. Height 2½ins.



2.—KU-YUEH BOWL. Height 2½ins.

COLLECTORS of Chinese porcelain will have a rare opportunity of enjoyment in viewing Captain C. Oswald Liddell's collection, which is being exhibited for sale at the premises of Messrs. Bluett and Sons, 48, Davies Street, W.1, from May 23rd until June 15th. The collection is of peculiar interest in that the whole of it, with the exception of three items, was acquired by the owner in China between the years 1877 and 1913, and that almost all the three hundred or so objects which it comprises are examples of porcelain in the native Chinese taste, made for home use and not for the European market. Some of the more important it is proposed to describe and illustrate in the present article. The majority of the pieces in the Liddell collection were made in the Ch'ing Dynasty, three of the first reigns of which (1662-1795) represent the zenith of the achievement of the Chinese porcelain-maker. The first of these, the long reign of K'ang Hsi, was especially noted, among other things, for the perfection of its monochrome glazes. The vase illustrated in Fig. 3 is a fine example of the crimson glaze known in Europe as *sang de bœuf* and in China as *lang yao*, or Lang's ware, presumably from the name of the

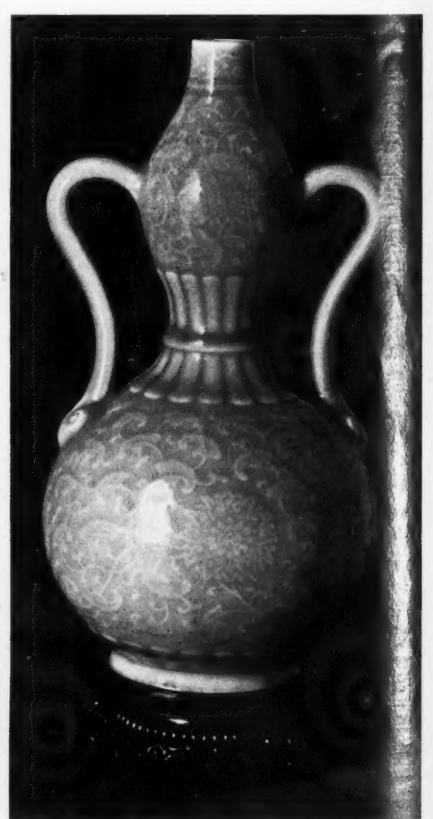
potter who originally discovered it. This vase is free from decoration, unless we count the delicate crackle or network of fine lines with which the surface is covered, and its appeal rests entirely on the nobility of its shape and the beauty of its glaze. The beaker on Fig. 4 is one of a pair with turquoise blue glaze, but here the charm of the form, which derives from an early bronze, is enhanced by the low-relief decoration that covers the outer surface. This is of a strictly formal character, the motifs round the upper and lower portions representing stylised leaves, while round the middle is a band of archaic monster-heads. Neither of these objects is marked, but both may be ascribed to the K'ang Hsi period. The third reign of our series, the almost equally long reign of that emperor's grandson, Ch'ien Lung (1736-95), produced the lovely vase of Fig. 5, which has the mark of the period painted under the base in underglaze blue. This vase, in the shape of a double gourd with two handles, is covered with a glaze of pale celadon green, under which is a design of formalised lotus scrolls carved in low relief. The derivation of this word celadon is uncertain; it is supposed to be derived from the green dress of the shepherd Celadon, a character in a



3.—SANG DE BŒUF VASE. Height 7½ins.



4.—BEAKER WITH TURQUOISE-BLUE GLAZE. Height 11ins.



5.—CELADON VASE. Height 11½ins.

seventeenth century French play, though it has also been suggested that it comes from the name of the Sultan Saladin, who is known to have patronised the ware in the twelfth century of our era. The short intermediate reign of Yung Ch'eng (1723-35), son of one emperor and father of the other, was no less distinguished for the production of fine porcelain, and to it belongs the bowl illustrated in Fig. 1. This bowl, which is one of a pair bearing the mark of the period, is a specimen of the so-called *famille noire*, and against the lustrous black background which gives the family its name the gay colours of the wreath of chrysanthemums with which it is adorned stand out with remarkably telling effect. But the porcelain most characteristic of this reign and the following is that known as the *famille rose*, from the prevalence in it of the colour pink, whose use on porcelain was only discovered about the year 1720. An unusually magnificent specimen is the hexagonal lantern with pierced decoration shown in Fig. 6, an object no less fine than the similar lantern which is one of the chief glories of the Salting collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Both the six little figure medallions and the brocade diaper borders between them are painted with exquisite finish, and the piece is altogether a superb example of Chinese craftsmanship. Another unusually fine specimen is



6.—FAMILLE ROSE LANTERN.
Height 13½ ins.

the vase illustrated in Fig. 8, which has the Ch'ien Lung mark under the base. At either side is a handle in the form of an elephant's head. The ground is a pale celadon green, lightly incised with a design of bats and clouds. On it are four panels in reserve; the two principal panels are painted with hunting scenes in *famille rose* enamels, while those at the sides are painted with poems. The formal borders at the mouth and foot are typically Chinese in their choice of motifs. The mark of the same reign appears on the pilgrim bottle of Fig. 7. The decoration on this piece is partly in underglaze painting, the dragon being thus executed in red and the clouds and waves in blue, while the background is filled in over the glaze in yellow. This is an object of exceptional beauty and rarity, and the connection in Chinese belief between the emperor and both the dragon and the colour yellow suggests that it was originally made for the imperial use. The Ch'ien Lung mark is also found on the bowl illustrated in Fig. 2, but here it appears painted in blue over the glaze. This piece is an example of the so-called Ku-yüeh style of painting, which takes its name from an eighteenth century painter on glass. This exceedingly delicate type of painting has always been highly prized in China, and specimens in this country are, in consequence, of great rarity; there is none, for instance, in any of the great London museums,



7.—PILGRIM BOTTLE. Height 12½ ins.

Enough has been said to indicate that all lovers of Chinese porcelain will find in this exhibition an unusually attractive and interesting series of objects, which no one who cares for beautiful things should fail to see.

WILLIAM KING.



8.—FAMILLE ROSE VASE.
Height 14 ins.



A twelfth century manor house—one of the earliest surviving in the country. It was repaired and enlarged a few years ago by Mr. Blow and Mr. Billerey.

THE loop formed by the Thames where it goes up to meet its tributary, the Evenlode, and then turns hastily southward past Oxford to Abingdon, encloses a parcel of Berkshire which is almost an island. Its southern border is bounded by the Ock, which joins the Thames at Abingdon, and one of whose streams rises so near its parent river that it is difficult to see why it does not flow into it at once near Fyfield. The centre of this country is the ridge of the Cumnor hills, which the stripling Thames takes so much time and trouble to circumvent. It is the country of the Scholar Gipsy, though it would be difficult for fancy to create that illusive figure to-day wandering among the pink-roofed bungalows and villas which sprinkle the northern slopes of the hills. Even by the time Matthew Arnold came to write *Thyrsis* he found "how changed is here each spot man makes or fills." But if it is ten times truer to-day that "in the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same," the country on the southern side of Cumnor is little altered. The Thames still wanders shyly through meadows of "red loosetrife and blond meadow-sweet" past Bablock-Hythe down to Ensham, and the Fyfield elm remains to be pointed out to visitors, though now only a stump of its former self. Appleton lies in the heart of this country, almost exactly half way between Bablock-Hythe and Fyfield, not actually on "the rude Cumnor ground," but down on the level by the river. From Oxford you may approach it either through Cumnor village or, by making a slight detour, along the road through the woods of Besselsleigh.

The manor house and farm buildings, with the church close beside them, stand in the centre of the village, whose cottages are ranged round a little way off, dependents of the manor, but keeping a respectful distance. It is a good example of a Norman fief, made doubly interesting by the survival of the Norman manor house standing within its moat, three sides of which, though dry, still exist. The exterior now gives few signs of antiquity, but, though considerably transformed in the course of centuries, and within the last few years rehabilitated and enlarged, the core of the building is substantially the stone manor house built towards the end of the twelfth century.

The Normans were a race of overlords, and the architecture they have left behind them is the fortress architecture of keep and castle, raised by forced labour of serfs to maintain them in security. During the whole of the twelfth century—for architectural classification the Norman period includes the reigns of the first two Plantagenets—the conquerors were busy consolidating their position of supremacy. It has been estimated that at the end of Henry II's reign there were over a thousand castles in England and Wales. But by that time the need for them had really passed. The danger of Saxon insurrections was over and order had succeeded to the chaos of Stephen's reign, when the barons were petty kings, ravaging and plundering the countryside with their armies of retainers. Under Henry's firm government the country obtained a large measure of peace and security. It is during this period, towards the end of the twelfth century, that a new type of building, the country



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1.—THE MANOR HOUSE, FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE TWELFTH CENTURY ENTRANCE DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

manor house, begins to appear. It was fortified and protected by a moat, but it was less of a fortress and more truly a house than the Norman keep. In the earliest surviving examples, e.g., the manor house at Boothby Pagnell and the ruined Norman house at Christchurch, the main living-room, or hall, is still raised above ground level for purposes of security, and in the north

of England this type of dwelling subsisted for another two or three centuries. In the south, however, a return to conditions of peace made possible a return to the old Saxon type of house—a large hall built on ground level and extending the whole height of the building. Such houses were, no doubt, first built of timber. The innovation of the Normans was to build them of stone.

Appleton Manor is one of the earliest examples now remaining of this type of stone-built dwelling. It is curious



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3.—DETAIL OF THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that in recent books on the development of the English house it has been entirely overlooked, although it was referred to in Hudson Turner's *Domestic Architecture*, published in the middle of last century, where an illustration is given of the entrance doorway. There is also an engraving of this doorway in Vol. I of *Magna Britannia*, where Lysons speaks of the antiquity of the building: "It is prob-

able, from the style of the principal doorway, that it is as ancient as the reign of King Henry II, which is the more remarkable, as it does not appear that this building ever formed part of a religious house." There is certainly no evidence of there ever having been a monastic institution at Appleton, and any such hypothesis for its origin can be safely dismissed from a glance at the plan (Fig. 12), which reveals in its simplest form the typical arrangement of the mediæval manor house. The building was originally of plain oblong shape, entered by



4.—TWELFTH CENTURY DOORWAYS IN THE HALL: ORIGINALLY LEADING TO BUTTERY AND KITCHEN.

a door at the east end of its north wall. It formed a large open hall, and its walls were carried up at least as high as the present eaves, since the quoins remain *in situ* at the south-west angle (on the left of Fig. 8). They have the characteristic Norman roll moulding. Those at the north-west angle have disappeared, but since stones of identical appearance are found on either side of the great fireplace of the drawing-room (Fig. 6), one may suppose that at some later date when the house was re-modelled, probably in the fifteenth century, portions of the walls were re-built and the quoins taken down were used again for the fireplace, when the wall with the large chimney flue was

Later on a newel staircase was contrived in the south-east angle of the hall, where the wall has been widened to contain it (on the right of Fig. 4), and this would have given access to a solar over the buttery and kitchen, above the present library. When this addition was made it is now impossible to say, but in 1436 an assignment of dower was made for Elizabeth Fitzwaryn, widow of the late owner, providing for her "one chamber at the end of the hall of the manor of Appulton on the east side."

To visualise the house as it was when it was built we must imagine a plain rectangular building with walls of the same



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5.—THE MODERN OAK STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The staircase and doors into the hall were designed by Mr. Blow and Mr. Billerey.

inserted, dividing the hall into two parts. The east wall of the hall contains the two round-headed doorways (Fig. 4) which would have opened into buttery and kitchen, so that here already is found in embryo the arrangement of the mediaeval hall with screens passage and doors leading to the offices. As early as this there was no entrance passage, screened off and surmounted by a gallery, but the doorway opened directly into the hall as in the much larger contemporary hall of Oakham Castle. The buttery and kitchen, at first, were probably lean-to buildings made of timber, but if of more substantial construction, their walls have disappeared during subsequent enlargements.

rough stone as to-day, with a high-pitched roof and windows deeply splayed within, but probably not much more than narrow slits when seen from outside. There would have been an open hearth in the centre of the hall from which the smoke eventually found its way out from a vent among the roof timbers. It is unlikely that there was originally an outside porch to the fine Norman doorway (Fig. 2). This is surprisingly rich for a small manor house; it is of three orders, its arch elaborately moulded with rolls and deep hollows. The capitals are carved with stiff-leaved foliage, and their abaci are rounded instead of square (Fig. 3). These stylistic indications date the house about 1200



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6.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, PART OF THE ORIGINAL NORMAN HALL.
Norman quoins have been re-used for the jambs of the Tudor fireplace.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE ENTRANCE HALL.

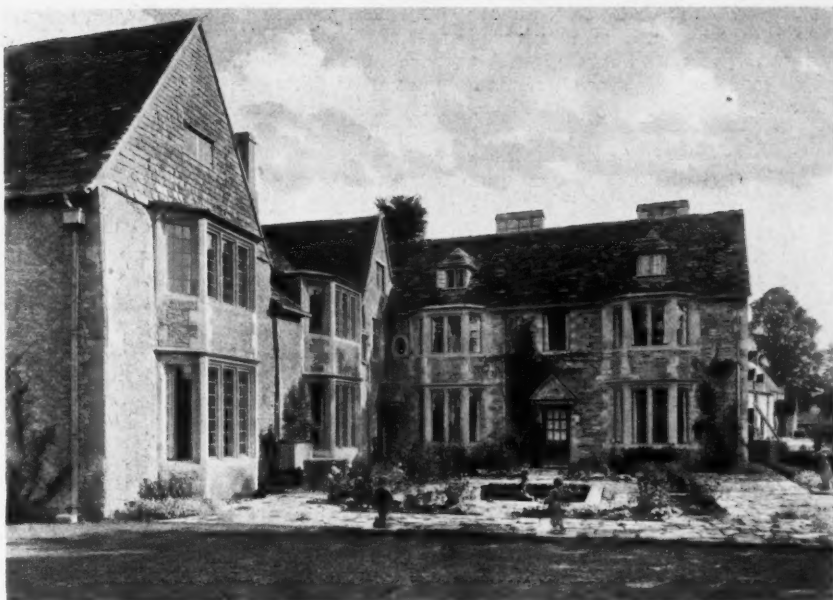
"COUNTRY LIFE."

or a little earlier, although Mr. Blow considers that part of the walling may be older still. The two missing shafts had already been taken out in 1806, when Lysons made his engraving.

It would be interesting to know who built this very early manor house, but, as so often, the records of ownership are few and far between, and the possession of Appleton is difficult to disentangle, from the fact that it contained two distinct manors—or three, if that of the neighbouring hamlet, Eaton, be included. In Domesday Book *Appletune* is said to be in the hundred of Marcham, which is now called the Hundred of Ock, after the little river which joins the Thames at Abingdon. One moiety is held by Berner, nephew of R. de Perone. This had belonged to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who, after falling into disgrace in 1083, had forfeited all his large estates to the Crown. The fee was assessed at 2½ hides, although it had been assessed at double that figure in Edward the Confessor's time. The other moiety, together with the fee of Eaton, was held by one Richard, tenant of Miles Crispin. Towards the end of the twelfth century one moiety passed into the hands of the family of Visdeloup (*Visus Lupi*); the other, which afterwards became the manor of Appleton, is found in the possession of a family taking its name from the place. These lands afterwards formed a part of the honour of Wallingford, where their tenants did service at the court leet once a year. In King John's reign Mabel de Appelton holds of the King in Appleton 62 shillingsworth of land, which had formerly belonged to Geoffrey de Appelton. This Geoffrey, we may guess, was the builder of the manor house, but nearer than this we cannot go.

In 1269 the manor was granted by Thomas de Appleton to Denise de Stokes, but it would appear that she alienated it to the King, for in 1293 she and her son Robert received a re-grant for life. Before Robert's death, however, in 1310, the reversion was granted by Edward II to Giles and Alice de la Mote and to their descendants, with eventual reversion to the Crown. Giles died in 1334, and for the next forty years the manor passed through various hands until, in 1375, it reverted to Margaret, daughter of Giles de la Mote, who had married John Fitzwaryn. On the death of their son William, in 1435, there was again no male heir, the manor passing to his daughter Alice. She married three times, and John Caston, or Keston, her son by her second husband, succeeded. On his death, in 1452, the manor passed to William Petyt, son of a granddaughter of Margaret Fitzwaryn. His son succeeded as a minor, but all we know of him is that he belonged to the Yorkist party and "received some favour from Edward IV." The Dentons are next found in possession, a family which originally came from the neighbouring village of Fyfield. In 1497 John Denton died seised of the manor, and his son and grandson succeeded, but in 1564 it was conveyed by the latter to John Fettiplace of Besselsleigh.

The mediæval owners of Appleton are none of them more than names to



8.—A PAVED GARDEN IN THE ANGLE FORMED BY THE TWO WINGS OF THE HOUSE.



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9.—FROM THE DRY MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—THE MODERN EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

us, but, with the Fettiplaces, we come to a family which in former centuries was of vast local importance in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. They are said to have owned land in fifteen counties, and at one time to have possessed thirty-one different manors in Berkshire alone. According to the old county rhyme:

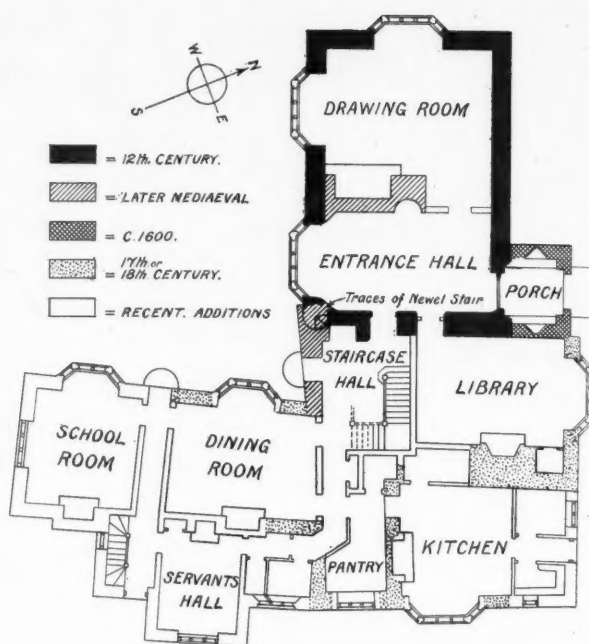
The Tracys, the Lacys, and the Fettiplaces
Own all the manors, the parks and chases.

The earliest member of the family to settle in Berkshire was Adam Fettiplace of Oxford, who in 1263 purchased the manor of North Denchworth. North Denchworth remained in the possession of his descendants continuously until the middle of the eighteenth century, long after the numerous other manors subsequently acquired by later Fettiplaces had been sold. John Fettiplace, who purchased Appleton, had inherited the neighbouring manor of Besselsleigh in 1541 when he was still a boy. It had come into the possession of the Fettiplaces by his great-grandfather having married the Bessels heiress. Along with Besselsleigh he also inherited the manors of East Shefford, Carswell and West Hendred. This formed a nice little bunch of estates, but when grown to manhood he proceeded to add to them, in 1556 by purchasing Sandford and in 1564 Appleton. Appleton he seems to have made his home, for he is buried in the church. But before his death he succeeded to three other manors, Shrivenham, Compton Beauchamp and Ockholt, which came to him in 1579 on the death of a female cousin. Compton Beauchamp, the beautiful moated house lying at the foot of the Berkshire Downs, has been described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XLIV, page 484), where the pedigree of the earlier Fettiplaces is given. Four years before this windfall he had been knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Woodstock in the course of one of her progresses, but he never distinguished himself in public affairs, and, indeed, none of the Fettiplaces seems to have acquired importance outside his own county. Sir John Fettiplace died in 1580 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Bessel, who erected the fine monument with recumbent effigy of his father in the chancel of Appleton Church (Fig. 11). He seems to have found his large inheritance too much for him, and proceeded to sell off his various manors one by one, eventually retaining only Besselsleigh and Appleton. These remained in Fettiplace ownership until 1634, when Edmund, the great-grandson of Bessel, sold them both to "Speaker" Lenthall of Burford.

Appleton was evidently occupied by the Fettiplaces during the greater part of their ownership. The Lenthalls, however, never seem to have resided, and it would appear that Robert Southby, third son of Richard Southby of Carswell, became tenant somewhere about 1640. Carswell was one of the manors which had been disposed of by Bessel Fettiplace in 1584, and



11.—MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN FETTIPLACE (ob. 1580)
IN THE CHANCEL OF APPLETON CHURCH.



12.—PLAN.

it had been purchased by Robert Southby's grandfather. The earliest record of the Southbys residing at Appleton is the baptism of Robert's eldest son, entered in the Appleton Church register under March 10th, 1644. According to Lysons, the manor was acquired by the Southbys in the middle of the seventeenth century, but they did not actually purchase it until 1772. It remained in their possession until 1880, when it was sold by Robert James Southby to Mrs. Weaving. Since then it has changed hands more than once before being bought by Mrs. Timpson in 1923.

It might be thought, from the illustrations of the exterior, that too many liberties had been taken with a house of so much antiquarian interest in the extensive repairs it has recently undergone. But Mr. Blow and Mr. Billerey, who remodelled the house for the present owner, have been careful to preserve everything old in the building, whilst at the same time turning it into a comfortable home. The projecting porch, seen on the left of Fig. 1, has been left as it was. Judging by the little bay window—which, for some reason only known to its designers, was not set directly above the entrance, but to one side—it was added towards the end of the sixteenth century. It is of half-timbered construction, at present covered with roughcast, and the upper part overhangs, the bressumer being supported on carved brackets. The insertion of the great chimney flue in the centre of the original hall has already been mentioned. When this was done the house was divided into two storeys, and a staircase was inserted at its north-west end. The western half of the hall then formed a parlour, and the room above, which has a stone chimneypiece of Tudor date, became the principal bedroom. The rooms at the east end of the house, on the site of the original buttery and kitchen, were enlarged, probably in the seventeenth century, when the present library and the room above it were thrown forward to a level with the porch.

The changes introduced a few years ago have involved a thorough rehabilitation of the old part of the house and the addition of a wing projecting south, where before was a one-storey building containing offices. Externally, the bay windows, thrown out on the south and west sides, and the stone-slatted roofs determine the character of the house. The slate hanging of the west gable is interesting and is repeated in miniature in the designs of the hoods over the doorways, reproduced from examples belonging to cottages in the village. The modern office front (Fig. 10) is kept purposely plainer and simpler in detail, though sufficiently varied in the treatment of its three gables. Wonders have been worked in the interior of the house. The great open fireplace in the parlour has been disclosed and the massive elm beam, of truly colossal proportions, which supports the floor above (Fig. 6). The walls have been lined with the sixteenth century wainscoting, as far as it would go, and the removal of a later staircase in the north-west corner has made it possible to enlarge the room to the full width of the original hall. The new staircase (Fig. 5) is approached through one of the two Norman doorways, the oak doors of which are

charmingly suited both to the staircase and to their massive stone arches. The staircase has a seventeenth century feel about it, boldly treated with stout balusters and newel posts, the tops of which are left as roughly rounded blocks. Two of the ground-floor rooms possessed eighteenth century paneling, and this has been re-used to line the dining-room.

The immediate surroundings of the house are at present rather bare, but this will no longer be so in a year or two, when

plants and shrubs have had time to grow up. In the angle formed by the two wings a flagged court has been laid out with a sunk pool in its centre. The moat, seen in the foreground of Fig. 9, has been cleared and a bridge thrown across it, at the back of the house, leading to the stables. The aim of the architects in all the work they have done has been to render thoroughly sound and habitable an exceptionally old and interesting house.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

NUNIVAK ISLAND and ITS NATIVES

NUNIVAK ISLAND is one of the few places left on this globe of ours where the native inhabitants are still to be found unspoiled by contact with the white man and his vaunted civilisation. It is a large island of precipitous cliffs battered incessantly during five months of the year by the waters of the Bering Sea; of rolling treeless tundra and, strangely enough, of sand dunes more reminiscent of southern California than of these inhospitable latitudes. In July the natives enjoy a brief respite from almost perpetual north-west gales. Driving rain, sleet or snow is the usual accompaniment of these heavy winds. Willows and a pygmy birch which attains the noble height of about six inches meet these hostile conditions by lateral instead of perpendicular growth. In sheltered spots where they can take advantage of the occasional sunshine, the willows attain to a height of perhaps three feet, and in these same favoured places a riot of Arctic flowers greets the explorer. Species of primula, delphinium, sunflower, forget-me-not and many other gaudy flowers combine to make the brief summer a riot of colour. For a few days in the early fall, the usually drab tundra is transformed by autumn's magic brush into a scene of unforgettable rainbow-tinted beauty.

The Eskimo villages are scattered along the sea coast, each village really consisting of several temporary camps so distributed as to be most conveniently situated for their hunting and fishing activities at different seasons of the year. Their "igloos" are merely holes dug in the ground, roofed with driftwood and covered with sods of a very rapidly growing rye grass which knits the whole into a thatch which is impervious to wind and water. A hole cut in the middle serves as a chimney. The entrance to the "igloo" is often twelve or fourteen feet from the "igloo" itself; the visitor crouches through the entrance, goes down several steps of varying width, and then along a tunnel on his hands and knees, finally poking his head up into the igloo from floor level. The white man's clumsy navigation of this burrow is a source of considerable amusement to the adept native, who, of course, negotiates the passage with a rabbit-like agility. When the owner is away the entrance is closed with driftwood, woven grass mats and, finally, rocks. The smoke hole is closed with a patch of sea-lion gut cleverly sewn with grass and sinew along the seams and held in place by a rock placed on each corner. The feeble light that enters through the smoke-hole is augmented by primitive seal oil lamps. These are merely wooden dishes made from driftwood and filled with seal oil in which a special kind of moss is used for a wick. A smoky flame about an inch high of low illuminating power renders the darkness visible and, incidentally, covers everything with a layer of black, evil-smelling grease. A native would have to use a lot of a well known soap manufacturer's product to get down to "the skin you love to touch." The lamp is either on a stand driven into the grass-covered floor or on two sticks driven into the wall to form a bracket.

The Nunivak Islander's clothing is made, with few exceptions, from sea-bird skins. The horned puffin (*Fratercula corniculata*) provides the most highly prized skin, and to secure an annual

supply the native hunters visit the breeding colonies of this species. The heat-retaining and water-resisting properties, together with the natural beauty of the "parkas" made from these skins, seem to be the chief reasons why they take first place in their esteem.

The puffin skin parkas, with the glossy jet black and silvery white contrast of the plumage, is ornamented with the bright orange skin of the bird's legs and toes, sewn on to form tassels. The hood is almost always fringed with fox fur. Some parkas, similarly ornamented, are pure white, being made entirely from the breast feathers. Other birds used in the manufacture of these beautiful costumes are murrets, loons, eider ducks and cormorants, preference being in the order named. The last mentioned is esteemed the least because they believe the feathers of cormorants retain moisture longer than the other species. All parkas are alike in one respect, however: they have a vigorous "cootie" population.

For wet weather, a most ingenious rain parka is made from the large intestine of the sea-lion, which the natives call the "luf-tak." The intestines are cleaned, inflated and left out in the air to dry, after which they are neatly split up and sewn together with sinew. To prevent the sinew from cutting the gut a strand of pliable grass is placed on either side of the seam. The design, even to the hood, is similar to the ordinary parkas. Being somewhat out of touch with Paris, fashions do not change very much on Nunivak. The typical headdress is a kind of bonnet made from the fur of the ground squirrel and artistically ornamented with fox fur, beads, highly coloured bits of cloth, etc. In many instances only the fur from the top of the head is used, so many squirrels must contribute their own "bonnets" to make one for an Eskimo. A curious fact in this connection is that ground squirrels do not occur on Nunivak, their supplies being secured from the mainland.

The common form of footwear is a knee-high waterproof boot, the sole of which is made of sea-lion hide and the upper part of seal skin from which the hair has been scraped. Socks of woven grass are worn on the feet, and a layer of loose grass is placed inside. Another layer is also worn between the boot and sock. The boots are tied around the top with a raw-hide lace, the whole outfit being ideal for tramping over the boggy tundra. The dried grass has many important uses, and quantities are stored in the fall for use in the winter. It is also used inside the sealskin mitts in cold weather.

Fish and seal oil are the staple foods. Cod and salmon are split and hung on wooden racks to dry, the heads, which are looked upon as a special delicacy, having been removed. These are flattened and spread out on rocks to dry. Numbers of a small herring-like fish are also taken and strung on grass ropes. Seal oil, which is stored in caches dug in the tundra, is kept in sealskin containers, as illustrated, and forms an important item on every menu. To see a native dipping his first two fingers into the seal-oil bowl and then sucking off the oil with audible gusto one would think it was the nectar of the gods. Disillusionment awaits the venturesome white man who has not spent a long apprenticeship in acquiring the taste for this indescribably flavoured "mayonnaise."



A NATIVE OF NUNIVAK, DRESSED IN SEABIRDS' SKINS.



CHEE-MEE-YA, HUNTER AND GUIDE.



SEALSKINS FULL OF SEAL-OIL.



SOME OF THE NATIVES OF NUNIVAK.

Seaweed, often encrusted with fish eggs, berries of many kinds, particularly the crowberry and a large yellow berry which appears to belong to the raspberry family; the stalks of certain plants; a species of rush, and various small forms of marine life gathered at low tide on the sand beaches, are common articles of diet. Birds are not hunted to any great extent for food, with the exception of moulting geese and ducks, which fall an easy prey to the hunter while in this flightless condition.

The boys have a special incentive to become efficient hunters, as, until they kill their first "big game"—i.e., walrus or sea-lion—custom decrees that they shall wear two pigtails. They are, of course, very keen to part with this juvenile adornment and attain the status of a full-fledged hunter.

Although the islanders travel with ease on the marshy tundra, they prefer to travel by water, using the kayak when they go for short trips and the oomiak—an open boat made of walrus hide—for their longer voyages. The kayak bobs about on the sea like a cork, and is as difficult to balance, as the writer can testify. In one of my trips with my favourite guide, Chee-mee-ya, hunting geese, sardined back to back in the small cockpit, and the recipient of lusty bumps on the head from the butt end of the paddle, I was forcibly reminded that the kayak is essentially a one-man boat. Chee-mee-ya was an expert in calling a black brant within range, imitating their frog-like notes to perfection.

While the men are hunting or fishing, the women are busy cleaning or drying fish, picking berries or making clothing, baskets, etc. The tall rye grass which grows in profusion round the villages, particularly in the sandhills, is woven into many useful and ornamental articles, such as mats, for many purposes, baskets of various kinds, ropes and even socks, which they seem to prefer to the woollen article offered them in trade.

The Nunivak Islanders are famous for their artistic carving of ivory, particularly walrus tusks, on which they work most elaborate figures of polar bear, walrus, seal, fish and birds. Terns, jaegers and gulls are favourite subjects for the artist. The bird designs are cleverly engraved with any sharp instrument that happens to be handy, the details being brought out by the simple process of moistening the finger and rubbing it on the ivory. A red pigment is obtained by pulverising a soft chalky rock, to which water is added to make a paste, and this also is used to colour their spears and ivory ornaments.

Happy, healthy and good-natured, I found these unspoiled people very friendly to a lonely ornithologist; they would laugh with you or at you on the slightest provocation, and seemed to enjoy life to the full. In a climate that must be one of the most inclement on earth, they are happy and contented, part of the fabric of their environment. To see a chubby Nunivak girl rolling and romping in the deep snow with a playful husky dog, without mitts or bonnet, as oblivious to the cutting wind and driving sleet as the dog itself, is to realise that happiness is where you find it.

C. G. HARROLD.

AT THE THEATRE

EN ROUTE FOR PARIS

THIS play is called "Paris Bound" because of the American custom of seeking the gay city to facilitate the sad business of divorce. The piece is an examination into the merits or, as the author of "Getting Married" would say, the demerits of monogamy.

I am not going to pretend that Mr. Philip Barry's play, which, by the way, is being presented at the Lyric Theatre, is a complete examination of what must always be an extremely difficult and complicated subject. A subject, too, for the discussion of which it is quite possible that the theatre of entertainment is not the ideal place. Let us look for a moment at one or two of the statements made by Mr. Shaw in his Preface to "Getting Married." It cannot be doubted that Mr. Shaw made these statements in an entirely passionate and even religious sincerity; the sincerity, in fact, with which Mr. Shaw makes all statements. But it is difficult to see how audiences which are accustomed to snigger at prurient little comedies of libertinism are going to refrain from sniggering at the presentation of serious statements or what they take to be the same things. Mr. Shaw says: "My own experience of discussing this question (the right to motherhood) leads me to believe that the one point on which all women are in furious secret rebellion against the existing law is the saddling of the right to a child with the obligation to become the servant of a man. Adoption, or the begging or buying or stealing of another woman's child, is no remedy: it does not provide the supreme experience of bearing the child. No political constitution will ever succeed or deserve to succeed unless it includes the recognition of an absolute right to sexual experience, and is untainted by the Pauline or romantic view of such experience as sinful in itself." What is likely to be thought of this passage by audiences which believe comedies like "Sauce for the Gander" to be an addition to the good taste of our time? Mr. Shaw continues: "All ordinary men and women are unanimous in defence of monogamy, the men because it excludes polygyny, and the women because it excludes polyandry." Two more quotations from a Preface livelier than any play and certainly more amusing than the piece to which it was affixed, and I shall not trouble the reader with any more Mr. Shaw. The first is: "The reform of marriage, then, will be a very splendid and very hazardous adventure for the Prime Minister who takes it in hand. He will be posted on every hoarding and denounced in every Opposition paper, especially in the sporting papers, as the destroyer of the home, the family, of decency, of morality, of chastity and what not." And lastly: "There is no hocus pocus that can possibly be devised with rings and veils and vows and benedictions that can fix either a man's or woman's affection for twenty minutes, much less twenty years." Now is it suggested that all this is rather strong meat? I agree. A little Shavianism, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing, and the only safe way with our Mr. Shaw is to read the whole of him. But the theatre is notoriously the home of the short cut, and I have no doubt that many audiences will be of the opinion that all that can be said on the subject of monogamy was summed up by the remark of the Chinese gentleman in "San Toy": "One piece wife at home, another piece wife at Blackpool!" Mr. Barry in this play is content to show how two people, agreeing before marriage to the most liberal interpretation of that bargain, decline when they themselves are concerned from the magnanimous to the personal. The piece being written by a man, it is the woman whose heart turns out to be stronger than her head. But the case being symmetrical, with equally balanced grievances, one feels that with feminine authorship the philosophic backslider would have been the man.

Jim and Mary Hutton agree that no love affair into which either of them may be betrayed can be an impingement upon their union which is, among other things, spiritual and perfect. Indeed, Jim, when it comes to the point, stifles the confession which he believes Mary is about to make. Mary has resisted, and all that she was about to confess was the fact that she had resisted. But while this was happening to Mary, Jim had had an affair with Noel Farley. (Noel is the child of those idiotic parents who give their girls boys' names, and *vice versa*. Surely, to fasten a name like Noel upon a slip of a girl is as senseless as to call a heavy-weight boxing champion Ethel. But let that pass.) It is because Jim will not listen to what he thinks is to be Mary's confession that Mary, in return, condones Jim's lapse. I am not at all sure that the play is not a little

queered here by the choice of the actress who plays Noel. For the whole essence of the compact between Jim and Mary is that their love is superior to the baser satisfactions of mere passion. But Noel is played by Miss Gillian Lind, who gives an extraordinarily spiritual value to every part that she plays. I agree with that critic who said that this young actress has the gift of suggesting, at a first entry and before speaking, intense consciousness, hyper-sensitiveness, and the faculty of being wounded beyond the normality of people. Miss Lind is not the only possessor of this gift; I can think of at least three others who share it with her. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson is always a sojourner strayed on to this earthly planet from a rarer world; Miss Beatrix Lehmann has escaped for a span from some land of gnomish disquietudes to which she will presently return; Miss Valerie Taylor is all spirit, impatient of the body. Whereas Miss Lind, inhabiting this earth, makes demand for too much happiness. These are not the ineffable importunacies which were once suggested by the sweep of Mrs. Campbell's throat. But though Miss Lind's demands upon life are small, we feel that they will not be satisfied, and they leave an ache. In fact, I am not at all sure if the play might not have been better if Miss Lind had played Mary and Miss Edna Best had played Noel. On the first night Miss Lind had an extraordinary success and the audience was quick to realise that here was a piece of acting of the greatest delicacy. Perhaps it was Miss Lind's playing and the audience's appreciation of it which put Miss Best upon her mettle. For throughout the remainder of the evening she was very definitely on her mettle. It is a pleasure to record the fact that Miss Best answered the challenge in brilliant fashion. Her playing in the first act was, I think, a little lacking in effervescence. But for the remainder of the evening there was no faltering, and everybody in the house realised and acclaimed the delicacy and truth of a performance in which nothing was forced and there was not a single false note. Mr. Herbert Marshall seconded Miss Best in his usual admirable fashion. This actor must be getting tired of being told that his performances are manly and charming, but since they are full of charm and instinct with manliness it is difficult to see what else the poor critic can say. There is a capital piece of acting by Mr. Malcolm Keen, who delivered the sentiments proper to Jim's father with his familiar and beautiful quality of clear-cut enunciation. Miss Henrietta Watson took all the vinegar out of a rather shrewish lady who has gained her victory in the Divorce Court and been embittered ever afterwards. Miss Watson is a past-mistress of the art of making essentially disagreeable people agreeable to look at and listen to. Mr. Laurence Olivier was altogether excellent as Mary's would-be lover. Mr. Robert Edmund Jones' scenery was exquisite, and altogether the whole evening was a huge success.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL.

New Arrivals.

ROPE.—*Ambassadors*.

"There is in it such a labefaction of all principles as may be injurious to morality."—*Dr. Johnson of "The Beggar's Opera," 1775.*

COO-EE !—*Vaudeville*.

"It is peculiarly adapted to the taste of the English nation; there being a mixture of curious show,—gay exhibition, musick, vocal and instrumental, not too refined for the general ear."—*Mr. Boswell of Vauxhall Gardens.*

THE GAREY DIVORCE CASE.—*Court*.

"A wife should study to reclaim her husband by more attention to please him."—*Dr. Johnson to Boswell, 1768.*

PARIS BOUND.—*Lyric*.

"Wise married women don't trouble themselves about the infidelity in their husbands."—*Dr. Johnson to Boswell, 1779.*

MARINERS.—*Wyndham's*.

"Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman is not easy."—*Dr. Johnson to Mr. Edwards, 1778.*

LA VIE PARISIENNE.—*Lyric, Hammersmith*.

"Brilliant wit, and a variety of airs which, from early association of ideas, engage, soothe, and enliven the mind."—*Mr. Boswell of "The Beggar's Opera," 1775.*

Tried Favourite.

MERRY MERRY.—*Lyceum*.

"Those who may smile should recollect that there are moments which admit of being soothed only by trifles."—*Mr. Boswell, 1779.*

THE RACES FOR THE "GUINEAS" AT NEWMARKET

MR. JINKS AND HIS RIVAL, CRAGADOUR.

AS with the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, so it was with the First Spring Meeting which followed a fortnight later. Again the racing was vastly interesting and informative. It was of far greater importance, too, because during the four days there were decided the races for the Two Thousand Guineas and the One Thousand Guineas.

Writing here a fortnight ago, I suggested that certain events at the Craven Meeting would bear an important influence on the first of the classic races, the one for colts in particular. Cragadour had made a favourable impression as the winner of the Craven Stakes. Mr. Jinks had done equally well as the winner of the Severals Stakes. Because of his commanding personality and the belief that his brilliant speed would avail him up to the mile, which is the distance of the race, I believed he would be the first three year old of the season to take classic honours. As it happened, he did do so. He beat Lord Astor's Cragadour by a head after a most thrilling finish.

You will always find varying types of horses even in the highest class. It was not, therefore, surprising to find this the case when one came to look over the runners for the Two Thousand Guineas while they were in the Paddock. Again, the contrast in Mr. Jinks and Cragadour had to be noted. It extended much beyond their respective colours of grey and rich brown. Mr. Jinks, I have told you, is powerful, big of bone and in development generally. Cragadour is shorter in stature, but a perfect model of compactness, balance and quality. And you could not wish to watch a more delightful mover.

Big horses were Reedsmouth, who is up to a lot of weight, and Ellenborough. The latter, who is owned by Mr. E. Esmond, who races and breeds on an extensive scale in France, does not at present belong to the first class, but he will improve when the ground gets softer. Midlothian, owned by Lord Rosebery, can be rather severely criticised for his looks. He is notably deficient behind the saddle, and you could not imagine his being a really high-class horse. Yet there is not the slightest doubt his trainer and all connected with him ardently believed he was going to win this classic race. They refuse to accept his poor showing as anything like correct.

Lord Derby's Hunter's Moon looked more trained than he has ever done before, and, having noted that, it did not surprise me in the least that he should run a most creditable race. Sir Victor Sassoon's Gay Day, who had fallen from grace, was bright and attractive as usual. By running third he certainly recovered that lost grace. Reflector is a charming colt of marked quality with all the beautiful lines, especially in front of the saddle, of a high-class racehorse. It was his fate to be kicked at the post by Mr. Jinks, though I hesitate to say that this could have made a vital difference to him.

I noticed Lord Woolavington's big and quite imposing chestnut colt, Walter Gay, a son of his Derby winner, Captain Cuttle, and William's Pride, the dam of Town Guard, who was a high-class colt until he went wrong.

Lord Woolavington also ran Rattlin the Reefer, a colt he bought at Sir Abe Bailey's sale. I did not notice him at the finish so much as during the race, but I do know he showed a lot of speed and may be said to have done well. I should say he will one day justify his purchase. Buland Bala was the Aga Khan's only runner, and, though a very nice, strongly

moulded colt of medium size, he has his limitations which will not, I think, permit him to get to the top of the tree. His Majesty's representative was Glastonbury, whose misfortune is that he is not a 14lb. better colt.

Now as to the race. First of all let it be understood that the draw makes such a difference on Newmarket's wide course as to have an undoubted bearing on results. The pity is that it should be so. We are not only confronted with the comparative lottery of racing itself, but with the lottery of the draw, and it certainly seems wrong there should be this influence of luck in deciding from time to time the destination of such a vast prize and invaluable honours as the winning of this classic race. All other things being equal—let us assume that it was the case with Mr. Jinks and Cragadour—it was in favour of the grey colt that he was drawn near to the favoured stands' side while Cragadour was away out on the other side. Their numbers were 5 and 20 respectively.

During the race Cragadour was gradually edged over towards the side where Mr. Jinks galloped on a perfectly straight and true line. In the result he was beaten a head. In two or three more strides he must have won. Mr. Jinks just lasted home by a great effort on his own part and on the part of his jockey, Harry Beasley. The jockey himself admitted to the writer that he got first run on Cragadour out of the Dip up the rising ground to the finish.

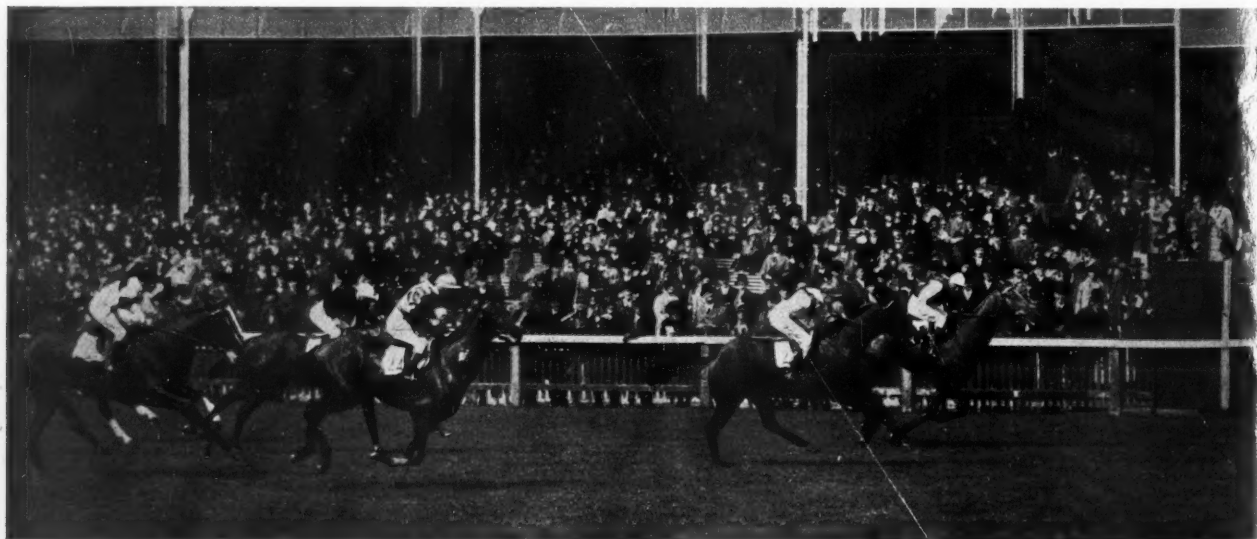
The losing jockey, Jellis, came in for blame—not, I might add, from the backers of the winner! It was suggested that he should not have been holding up his colt coming down Bushes Hill at a time when Beasley was pushing Mr. Jinks. Yet it may be the case that he was merely riding to orders, which, if it be so, stifles criticism where Jellis is concerned. Anyhow, I am left with the firm conviction that Mr. Jinks will not stay the mile and a half of the Derby course and that Cragadour, if well ridden and given a fair field, will win the Derby.

He and Mr. Jinks are in the Newmarket Stakes of a mile and a quarter next week, but I doubt whether either will run.

Gay Day ran the best race of his life when finishing third, a length and a half from the second. Thus there is some hope for the son of Gay Crusader and Silver Tag yet. Hunter's Moon did best of the others. He did, indeed, step up on recent form, leaving us with the impression that he has improved out of all knowledge even in a fortnight. If the rate of improvement can be maintained, then Lord Derby is not without a decided chance of winning the Derby with this colt. One does not need to be reminded that horses unplaced for the Two Thousand Guineas have won the Derby before to-day.

The result of the race for the One Thousand Guineas was in the nature of a blow not only to those who wagered on it, but to the owners of several fillies who did not think one could be brought from France to beat us. Maybe the best two year old filly in France last year was Mr. E. Esmond's Necklace II, an English-bred one by Lemberg from the Oaks winner, Straitlace, for whom Mr. Esmond paid 17,000 guineas at auction. She was of high class last year, but, though a charming individual, she did not make any growth, or very little.

After seeing Necklace II, I came across the other challenger from France, and she, too, I looked upon as being little more than a pony. I refer now to M. Simon Guthmann's Taj Mahal, a grey by Lemberg from Taj Mahal, bred by the Aga Khan and



THE FINISH OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, WON BY MAJOR McCALMONT'S MR. JINKS FROM LORD ASTOR'S CRAGADOUR.

sold by him as a yearling for 250,000frs. at the sales in Deauville in 1927. I knew she had won races as a two year old, and one reasoned that she would not have been sent over unless her owner and trainer had some belief in her; but, after seeing her lack of size, I could not anticipate she would win. My view was certainly reflected in the betting, for she was offered by the book-makers at 33 to 1. So much for Taj Mah at the moment.

Sister Anne and Arabella, who both ran for Colonel Giles Loder, I found to be well grown fillies. Arabella, who was very smart indeed last year, has rather shot up into the air and will never be a stayer. Sister Anne to a far greater extent fills the eye for what is required of a three year old filly; for she is wonderfully good in front of the saddle. She girths remarkably well and, though rather light in her back ribs—one ought not to be surprised at this in a filly—she has admirable galloping quarters. After seeing her I felt very confident she would win. Ellanvale was another of the small ones, and as she was third to Taj Mah, it rather confounded all who made size a prime essential in searching for the winner.

Drift was badly kicked at the post, but ran very well notwithstanding. Here is one that will yet do very well for Lord Derby. There is a deal to like about her. It was interesting to take note of the two runners from Manton—Point Duty in Lord Astor's colours and Mr. Somerville Tattersall's Almondale.

The latter actually started equal first favourite with Sister Anne, though she had never been on a racecourse before. I found the daughter of Buchan and Sister in Law to be a filly of medium size and delightfully moulded. I have not the slightest doubt that she is good and in time she will vastly improve on this first showing. She suffered, especially at the start, from her want of experience.

Here, in the result, we had Taj Mah returned the winner by three parts of a length from Sister Anne, with Ellanvale only a short head away third. Taj Mah won because she got well away and was better able to make the descent of the hill into the Dip than the bigger Sister Anne. Then the firm going was altogether in favour of a diminutive filly, and over the longer distance of the Oaks with the going yielding I have no doubt we shall see a better and a successful Sister Anne. Taj Mah, I may add, is not engaged in the Oaks, so that she will be one out of the way. Personally, I shall always recall this race for



MR. JINKS, WITH H. BEASLEY UP.

the One Thousand Guineas, not specially for the reason that the French gained their first success in a classic race since Durbar won the Derby in 1914, but for the wonderfully conspicuous parts played by two mere "ponies" in the winner and Ellanvale.

Whenever we see a particularly smart performance on the part of a two year old we are prone to accept the hero or heroine of it as the best so far seen out. First it was Peace Pact, then Blenheim, followed by Lady Abbess. Blenheim has been beaten since in somewhat vexatious circumstances. Lady Abbess was beaten by Oceana last week for the Wilbraham Stakes at Newmarket, and Peace Pact alone preserves her reputation, though once narrowly beaten. However, I have no doubt in my own mind as to which is the best we have seen up to date.

It is the Aga Khan's filly Quarrat-al-Ain, a fine, imposing and well grown daughter of Buchan and Harpsichord. Bred by Mr. J. J. Maher, she cost the Aga Khan the enormous sum at auction last September of 12,500 guineas. Of course she

ought to be out of the ordinary—indeed, very good—to justify such a price. Believe me, from her way of winning the Newmarket First Spring Stakes she is all that. Certainly the Aga Khan, I am sure, would want far more than that for her now, assuming he wished to sell her, which I am sure he does not. Quarrat-al-Ain, meaning in Arabic "Apple of my Eye," ought not to be beaten this year, at any rate. She is a beautiful filly and a glorious mover.

Her four year old half-brother is Royal Minstrel, by Tetratema. Mr. Maher got 4,200 guineas for him as a yearling, and, rather oddly, he appeared on a racecourse for the first time this season to win the Victoria Cup Handicap at Hurst Park last week-end. This he did under top weight of 8st. 8lb., and in the easiest possible fashion. What a wonderful week for grey horses! Mr. Jinks, Taj Mah and Royal Minstrel. There was a grey two year old winner in Lemonetta at Hurst Park in Lady Ludlow's colours; and Four Kings, by Tetratema, a winner at Newmarket of the Risby Three Year Old Handicap, is described as a grey or a chestnut.

Perhaps I ought not to conclude these notes on a vastly interesting meeting at Newmarket without noting the most meritorious win of the Chippenham Stakes by St. Jerome in the colours of Lord Lascelles, and of Kopi, who drew attention to his Derby prospects when returned the very easy winner of the March Stakes with 8lb. of overweight in the saddle. Kopi is a sure stayer.

PHILIPPOS.



Frank Griggs. TAJ MAH, WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS. Copyright.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE USE AND MISUSE OF THE SPUR."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I feel sure everyone was interested in Colonel Goldschmidt's spirited defence of the spur in a recent article in COUNTRY LIFE. I wonder if he would be good enough to give us his views on the even more vexed question of the use of the spur by ladies both in a side-saddle and astride. Each year one sees fewer and fewer lady riders with unarmed heels, thus proving the growing popularity of the persuader among the fair sex. I would suggest that the spur is a far more necessary adjunct to a woman who has not the strength to apply a bare heel with the same pressure as a man, yet when "Rebel Diana," writing in the *Morning Post* on November 6th of last year, implied that one of the disadvantages of the side-saddle lay in the sacrifice of the second spur, a host of correspondents answered her by telling her to take off even the one spur she had left! Surely a woman has a far more delicate touch with her heel and can afford sharper rowels than a man. I have seen *haute école* lady riders on the Continent use spurs the spikes of which could be clearly seen a dozen yards away, yet after what seemed incessant application it was rare to see even a spot of blood. Few, if any, men could achieve this, and I submit that the spur is essentially a "lady's aid," and always has

thenceforward, with the punctuality of an alarm clock, the dog has called his master. To do this the dog has had to alter his habits to a considerable extent. Formerly, on being let out at half-past six, he would spend the greater part of his time hanging about the garden if the weather was fine. Now he is only out of doors for a short while, and most of the waiting hour is passed hanging about the house until the appointed time comes, when he rushes upstairs. That the dog knows the time is certain, but how he is able to do so is a mystery which is not easily explained.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

FROM DORSETSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Would your readers be interested by the enclosed? It was taken at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, and shows two old ladies in the picturesque dress of the Sherborne Almshouses. The cloaks are made of red serge, and look most attractive with the little black straw bonnets. Sherborne Abbey is in the background. The lady on the right is eighty-seven, the other slightly younger.—VERENA SEYMOUR.

SEVEN MEDIAEVAL COTTAGES AT SUDBURY, SUFFOLK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—About six months ago there came into the market a group of seven timber-framed



OLD LADIES OF SHERBORNE.



IN DANGER.

been, *vide* Chaucer's description of the Knight's Wife, in which he quotes her as having "Upon her feet a pair of Spores sharpe."—EVELYN CILLER.

HOW DOES A DOG KNOW THE TIME?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—That a dog can tell the time is proved by an interesting trick which the writer has been able to teach a terrier. This dog sleeps on the ground floor in the kitchen quarters, and each morning about six-thirty he is given the run of the house or garden just as he chooses. It occurred to the writer that it would be curious to see whether the dog could be trained to call his master at a given time each morning. The time fixed upon was seven-thirty. Accordingly at that hour the writer opened the door and whistled for the dog, who came bounding up the stairs. On arrival the dog was greeted with friendly words and pats, and was also given a sweet biscuit. This was continued for a week, great care being taken to give the call at exactly the same hour each morning. On the eighth morning no call was given, but, sure enough, at seven-thirty there was a tremendous scratching on the bedroom door to announce the arrival of the dog. The creature was at once let in and given his reward, and from

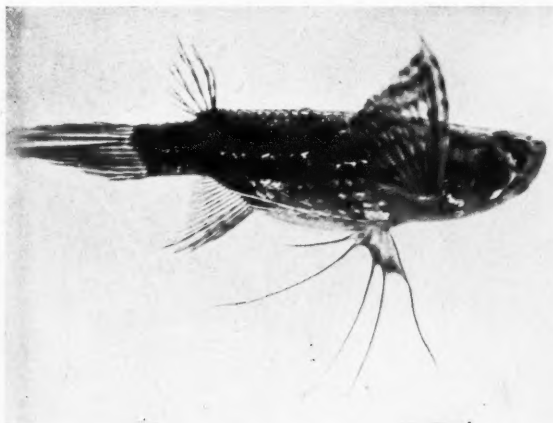
and plastered sixteenth century cottages in North Street, Sudbury, Suffolk. These were purchased by the Halstead Co-operative Society, Limited, of Trinity Street, Halstead, Essex, from the executors of the late Miss Alice Brown. (She was beloved by her tenants and they always speak of her as "Lady" Brown.) The Society's intention in purchasing the property was to demolish the old cottages and to build upon the site a new departmental store. The Committee of the Co-operative Society is, however, fully alive to the historical and architectural value of such a picturesque group of old buildings and would only demolish them with great reluctance. The matter has been continuously before both the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the Committee of the Cottage Preservation Fund of the Royal Society of Arts. Through their efforts the

point has now been reached when the new owners of the cottages would be willing to build their new shop on another site if they can find a purchaser for the cottages. They are willing to sell for the sum they gave for the property plus legal expenses. This amounts to £1,421—the average price of each cottage thus being £203, which is not a high figure. It is hoped that this appeal will catch the eye of someone willing to perform the dual good deed of relieving the intense anxiety of the tenants (now under notice to quit) and of preserving so considerable a part of a main street typical of an old town in East Anglia.—A. R. POWYS, Secretary. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

FLYING FISH AT THE ZOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The latest attraction at the Zoo's aquarium are four fresh-water flying-fish from East Africa. The species is also known as the butterfly-fish because of its large, wing-like breast fins; while another name it receives is that of chisel-jaw, a term applied to it because its muzzle slopes backwards in a manner suggesting the "face" of a chisel. The fish was originally discovered in the Victoria River, Cameroons, in 1874, but since then it has been located in other rivers in tropical Africa. Light brown in colour and speckled with black and silver, it is quite small, and only attains a length of about four or five inches. The rays of the ventral fins are produced into long tendrils that act as feelers like the whiskers of a cat. The butterfly-fish has never been known to exercise its power of flight in captivity, but the explorer de Brazza observed one in the act while he was journeying in the Congo, and actually succeeded in capturing it by means of a butterfly-net.—W. S. B.



BUTTERFLY FISH OR CHISEL-JAW.

MISSEL THRUSH v. RED SQUIRREL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An account of a battle between a missel thrush and a red squirrel may seem so curious a fact as to be worthy of notice in your columns. Our gardener, who is something of a naturalist, heard a great commotion in the wild garden outside his cottage. Running out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he was amazed to see a red squirrel and a missel thrush struggling together on the branch of a tree, from whence they presently fell to the ground, still locked together in combat. The thrush was evidently having the best of the encounter, dealing the squirrel repeated blows with her wings, and both were screaming at the top of their voices. The squirrel was at last thoroughly routed and fled, while the thrush, apparently unhurt, flew away. Her nest is in the actual branch from which they fell, and we think that the squirrel either inadvertently disturbed her or else interfered with malicious intent. To-day she is peacefully sitting on the nest, so all must be well. I feel such bravery is worthy of public notice and admiration.—
END MARSHALL.

SANCTUARY RINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was interested to find an old "sanctuary ring" very similar to the well known example on Durham Cathedral, on the door of a very



ON DORMINGTON CHURCH DOOR.

small Herefordshire church, Dormington, about five miles from Hereford. This one appears to be as old as the twelfth century, and is said to be one of the oldest in the country. There are several other rings in this country, but none of them as old as this one. The grotesque head is of bronze, the ring of iron. Of course, it has been moved at least once, as the present door is not by any means contemporary.—
M. W.

GOLDEN ORIOLE IN SUSSEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The golden oriole is such a striking bird that its appearance is hardly likely to be overlooked, yet for some days the yellow flash of the male was not recognised and was believed to be simply that of a green woodpecker. Not until the male bird settled on an oak tree overhanging the garden was it recognised as a rarity and duly identified by reference to books. Even then there was a little doubt that it was not an escaped troupial. The birds, male and female, have now been under observation for several days. The male is unmistakable in his buttercup yellow and black and can be seen for over a hundred yards; the female is so different that for a little time doubt prevailed that it was not a "grey bird," a fieldfare, attacking the brilliant stranger. But a very little study of behaviour showed that it was definitely the mate. The pair arrived on April 22nd, and appear to have thoughts of nesting. The problem of how to preserve them is difficult, for they make flights over our boundaries and on to common land. Timber has been felled in the wood and drawing out operations will be in progress for some months. They will receive what protection is possible in the copse, but if they nest, as is hoped, it is

doubtful whether permanent watching can be arranged. They are so tame that anyone could shoot them—but it is going to be a puzzle to preserve them alive.—RUTH M. POLLARD.

"PLUME DE PAON."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Has any reader of your paper seen a *plume de paon* coloured horse, or has the race died out? I have lately been re-reading, with quite unabated pleasure, General Thiébault's *Mémoires*. Thiébault was chief of the staff to Junot on the expedition into Portugal in 1807. At Lisbon Junot "did himself" extremely well—of course, at Portugal's expense. Some forty years ago a gentleman in my own county raised admiring comment by his ownership of four extremely well matched coach teams—bays, browns, chestnuts, roans respectively; but, naturally, the Governor of Portugal could out-match this, and among the one hundred and fifty horses in Junot's stables at Lisbon were eight eight-horse carriage teams. One of the eight was formed of *plume de paon* coloured horses, of which colour Thiébault says he never saw the like before. As it is hardly likely that these horses would be green or blue, it is to be presumed that the colour meant is gold, probably something akin to cream colour, which, however, one would think that Thiébault must have often seen. Whatever the exact tint, the name was certainly appropriate; there was a good deal of the peacock about Andoche Junot—and, for that matter, the Napoleonic era as a whole. It is to Thiébault that we owe a matchless little picture of Napoleon in a hurry, which deserves to be more widely known. Appointed Governor of Old Castile, the general was upon his way to Burgos when the sound of horses at a furious gallop rose upon the road behind. Told by his servant that he thought it was the Emperor coming, Thiébault had but just descended from his carriage when the cavalcade swept by. In front rode Savary, his horse going *ventre à terre*. Close on his heels there came Napoleon, spurring his own horse without a moment's pause and flogging that of Savary with a postilion's whip. A minute later followed Duroc and the valet Roustan, racing side by side; while at another minute's distance, quite outridden and bent double to decrease the pressure and resistance of the wind, the Guides who formed the escort followed as they could. By this vigorous riding Napoleon covered the twenty-three Spanish leagues between Burgos and Valladolid in three and a half hours.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

REVIVING AN OLD ART.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In connection with the present revival of the old craft of quilting in Wales and Durham, your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of two Welsh quilt-wives from Pembokeshire. It shows a quilt in course of being made in the wooden frame. Two women are able to work at a frame, which is supported across chair backs or on trestles. The pattern is sketched out on the material, a section at a time, and then sewn through, all this entirely by hand, with only the aid of a flat ruler. The pattern is shown partly traced,



PEMBROKESHIRE QUILT-WIVES.

in white chalk, and partly worked with stitching. It is a fairly simple design; some of them are far more elaborate. Until the Rural Industries Bureau took the matter up there were only a handful of quilt-wives left in Wales, but the art had never died out.—M. WIGHT.

LAWSUITS IN THE WILDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Those who live in England have probably no conception of the administration of justice and the settlement of law suits in the wilder parts of our colonies. They conjure up visions of law courts, pleaders and vavils, judges in ermine robes and wigs and such like. In reality it is very different. The accompanying photograph shows the political officer of a tract of Galong Abor country trying cases in his camp. Litigants with cases have come several days' marches to get judgment on some quarrel in their village. It may be about the purchase of a *mithan*, or a divorce from a wife who has been led away by some gay spark of another village; but they know, however informal the court may be, that when they appear the case will be settled, and settled finally, with justice to all concerned. Rough and ready justice it may be, but it follows the laws and customs of the country before British rule stepped in and is the plain simple judgment such people understand and wish for. All over the frontier tracts of India are officers carrying on the same work. Some have passed high examinations, some have not, but they one and all possess the two main essentials—ability to learn the languages and dialects of the people they administer, and common sense; and the greater of these two is probably common sense.—H. I. HALLIDAY.



THE POLITICAL OFFICER SITS IN JUDGMENT.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FUTURE OF DORCHESTER HOUSE

THE National Sporting Club has made a verbal offer to Lord Morley for the freehold of Dorchester House, and it is understood that the formal contracts are being drafted for consideration. The vendor's agents are Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. Additional land in South Street is being negotiated for, and the Duke of Westminster's interests therein are, it is believed, entrusted to Sir Howard Frank.

It was towards the end of 1926 that we announced in the Estate Market page that the Earl of Morley had instructed Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. to sell Dorchester House. The Park Lane mansion is an unrestricted freehold.

Dorchester House was designed by Lewis Vulliamy, and built seventy-nine years ago, an imposing example of the Florentine style, in Portland stone. The site is of nearly 80,000 square feet, all but a small portion of which is freehold. Entered through a *porte cochère*, the large entrance hall leads to a marble-paved vestibule in the Raphael manner, the ceiling of which was painted by Anglinatti. Columns, some of them of pink granite, adorn the staircase hall. There is a stately staircase of white marble, resplendent with alabaster balustrading, and the walls and floor are of variegated and richly tinted marble. The carved mantelpieces and painted ceilings of some of the reception-rooms are unsurpassed in any town house of its date.

The spacious landing on the first floor has Corinthian columns supporting a dome that was painted by Sir Coutts Lindsay. His panels in the red and green drawing-rooms, the grand saloon, the dining-room, tea-room and boudoir, and the ceilings enriched by the genius of Anglinatti, are noteworthy; but, in importance, mantelpieces and other work by Alfred Stevens takes precedence.

The Marquess of Hertford, of whom it was said that "his one redeeming quality was wit," died in the house that was pulled down to make room for the present mansion. At the time of its erection technical critics enlarged on the excellence of the masonry work. A note by Vulliamy records that "the external walls are 3ft. 6ins. to 3ft. 10ins. thick and all the stones are dowelled together with slate dowels" a fitting structure to house Mr. R. S. Holford's first editions and Old Masters.

TOWN AND COUNTRY MANSIONS.

THE finest duck shooting estate in the southern counties will be sold at Hanover Square next Tuesday (May 14th), namely, Wadhurst Park, 1,820 acres, an estate containing large and beautiful lakes and having almost a square mile of woods where first-rate pheasant shooting may be had.

Lord Balfour's town house in Carlton Gardens is in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd, for private treaty.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe's handsome modern mansion in Portland Place is expected to come under the hammer at Hanover Square on June 13th.

Having sold No. 24, Carlton House Terrace, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been instructed by Sir Philip H. Waterlow, Bt., to sell the furniture, pictures and porcelain on the premises on May 27th and following days. The pictures include a portrait of the Duchess of Burgoyne, by Sir Peter Lely; a "Woodland Scene" and "View on the Yare," by John Crome; and "Breaking the Ice," by George Morland.

Following the sale of the property, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have to sell the contents of Hillier House, Guildford, on the premises on May 29th.

Lickey Grange, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to offer at Hanover Square on June 11th for Sir Herbert Austin, is a gabled residence on a southern slope of the Lickey Hills, in 80 acres.

Blackdown Cottage, dating from about 1640, with 200 acres adjoining Blackdown Common, on the Surrey and Sussex border, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square on June 13th, for Miss E. C. Kingston Blair Oliphant, and if not sold as a whole or in blocks, the estate will be submitted in lots at Haslemere on July 4th. The property, on wooded slopes 800ft. above sea level, adjoins the grounds of Aldworth House, at one time the residence of Tennyson. Blackdown Cottage was built by William Yaldwin, a

friend of Oliver Cromwell, as a dower house on the Blackdown estate.

COMPTON VERNEY: COMING SALE.

THE late Lord Manton's trustees have ordered Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock to sell by auction the Compton Verney estate, Warwickshire. The estate contains an area of over 5,000 acres and comprises, in addition to the historic mansion, a number of valuable farms and small holdings and two villages. Vacant possession of the mansion, grounds and park will be available on completion of the purchase. If the estate is not sold as a whole it will be offered in suitable lots.

Compton Verney was the subject of a special illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xxxiv, page 528).

In September, 1921, we announced that Lord Willoughby de Broke had sold his Warwickshire seat, near Kineton, to "Mr. Joseph Watson, the racehorse owner," with 5,080 acres, through Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey. The story of Compton Verney is long and intricate. The house has developed during two centuries, and there was an older house, of which Dugdale spoke, on the margin of the great sheet of water in the grounds.

There is good reason for attributing the main portion of Compton Verney to Sir John Vanbrugh. It has his round arched windows in both storeys, and the design is on a bold scale. Robert Adam was employed to make a "design for an addition to the south front corresponding to the old part of the house as much as possible," according to a document signed by him in 1760. The west or garden front reveals itself as a Vanbrugh design with its great pilasters of his favourite Doric order. Adam's additions to Compton Verney consisted of a prolongation of the wings, north and south, and the construction of the great portico on the east front. It seems probable also that he added a new garden wall and a pavilion, the hall, with its characteristic treatment of the ceiling, the orangery, the bridge and, perhaps, the private chapel. Part of the hall ceiling and the State rooms were redecorated in 1855 by John Gibson, a pupil of Sir Charles Barry. The wooden mantelpieces are contemporary with Vanbrugh.

Compton Verney was one of three Adam works described in the fifth volume of *Vitruvius Britannicus* in 1771, but the plan and elevation and the scanty letterpress fail to indicate Adam's share in the building. George Vertue's notes of a tour with Lord Oxford in the year 1737 refer to Compton Verney as "a well built house of 1714." It owes much to its glorious setting, and the natural beauty of the site was made the most of in one of the most successful of the performances of "Capability" Brown. In the private chapel are two tombs of some note, one of them (mentioned in the diary of Nicholas Stone the elder). "In 1630 I made a tomb for Sir Richard Verney and his Ladye, set up at Compton Verney, for the which he paid me ninety pounds." The other is the black and white marble tomb of Sir Greville Verney, 1668.

WYFOLD AND A MAY-DAY ROSE.

IF His Majesty happened to pass Wyfold Court by a certain road on any May day it would be the happy fortune of its owner to be able to claim the right to offer him a rose. Wyfold Court and 1,100 acres are for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The estate, on the Chilterns above Henley and Reading, includes a palatial mansion occupying a delightful position in a large and well timbered park of 200 acres. It faces due south, 500ft. above the sea, and commands glorious views for some twenty or thirty miles. The staircase hall is 42ft. by 30ft., with lofty oak ceiling, the walls being hung with tapestry. The reception-rooms are luxuriously fitted, having deeply panelled walnut dadoes, handsome mantels and oak parquet floors. The grounds are charmingly disposed and are well sheltered by woodlands. On the south front of the house are gravel terraced walks and lawns, with flower beds and large central fish pond and fountain. On the eastern side there is a full-sized croquet or tennis lawn, also cement tennis court; and on the other side a rosery and pergola and large walled kitchen garden of about 1½ acres with a long range of glass-houses. The shooting, including extra land which is rented, extends to 3,000 acres, of which about 1,000 acres are covert. In 1906

about 1,500 pheasants were reared. The property is within easy reach of the golf links at Peppard and Huntercombe, and the Thames is reached at Reading, Wallingford or Henley. The South Berks, Mr. Garth's South Oxon, and Harriers hunt within reach.

THE ABBEY, SUTTON COURTENAY.

THE late Colonel H. N. B. Good's executors have directed Messrs. Adkin, Belcher and Bowen to sell The Abbey, Sutton Courtenay, at Abingdon on Monday next, May 13th. It is a freehold of 7 acres, and the comfortable old house is enriched with stained glass windows. Sutton Courtenay contains ancient timber-framed cottages of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and larger houses of various dates and styles grouped round a large green. At some distance south-west of the church is The Abbey, formerly the residence of Colonel Henry Norton Butler Good, at one time a grange of Abingdon Abbey, and afterwards the seat of the Justice family. It is a quadrangular building, of which the west, north and south wings date from the fourteenth century. The older parts are of stone rubble and timber-framed; the east wing was probably added in the sixteenth century. The west front has a gable at each end, the central part being occupied by the great hall with screens at the south end entered by pointed doorways; the east doorway has a moulded label of the fourteenth century. The hall, which measures 40ft. by 24ft., has an oak roof of two bays with curved and moulded principals forming a pointed arch. Formerly the windows of the hall had pointed heads carried about the wall head in the manner of dormers, but these have now been cut down to the level of their transoms. Under one of these windows is a small traceried window, which retains its original shutter-hooks. The solar at the north end of the hall has two-light windows of the fifteenth century in the north wall, of differing character. The room above is called the chapel, and has a pointed two-light west window of the fourteenth century with flowing tracery and a transom. In the north wall is another two-light window of the same date with a square head. The rear or east wing has a projecting upper storey, and against the north side is a projecting stone chimney stack with an octagonal shaft. Altogether a very alluring residence.

LORD DESART'S SUSSEX HOUSE.

HAWKHURST COURT, near Petworth, a stone mansion in charming grounds, and with 32 acres, awaits an offer through Messrs. Harrods, Limited. It is exceedingly well equipped, and the price is very reasonable—in fact, low. Hawkhurst Court is ideally placed for hunting, fishing and golf, and it is within an easy motor run of many of the favourite Sussex seaside resorts.

In 1921 the vendor of 7, St. Mary Abbot's Place, Kensington, spent £16,000 in building that freehold house, Messrs. Dove Brothers being the builders, and Mr. Ernest M. Joseph the architect. Messrs. Hampton and Sons will sell it at St. James' Square, next Tuesday, May 14th.

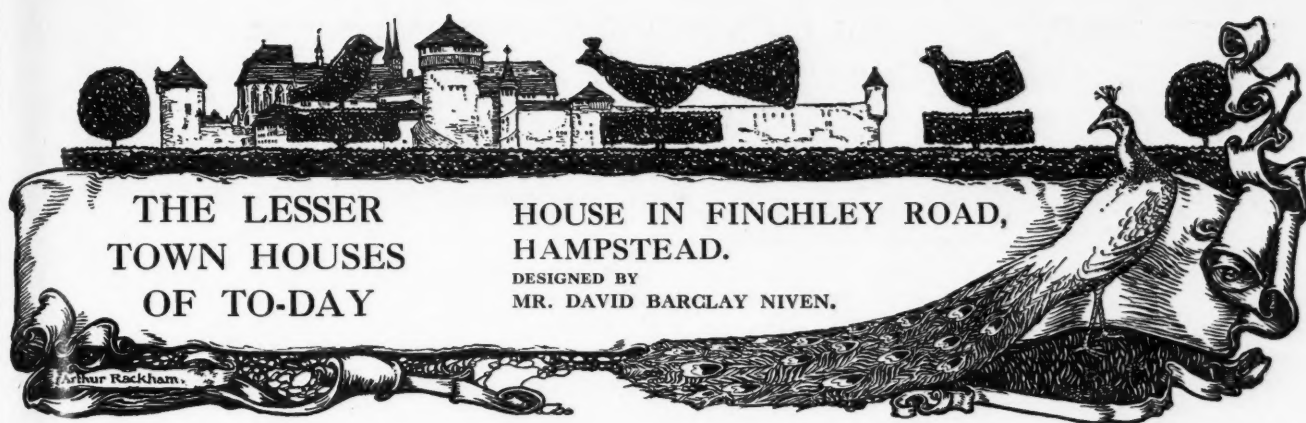
Webb, one of Marlborough's Generals, owned and built Biddesden, near Andover, a property of 1,300 acres, of which we shall have more to say, now for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, for the Hon. Mrs. Cuy Baring.

At St. James' Square, on May 14th, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will sell the old-fashioned freehold residence known as Wootton Lodge, between Ryde and Cowes in the Isle of Wight. It lies high, commanding a view across the Solent to the mainland, with Wootton Creek in the foreground. The property has been for generations the patrimony of the Pophams (the representatives of the ancient family of the De Lisles).

The Wood, a modern house and 3 acres in Buxted, was sold just before the auction by Messrs. Wilson and Co.

No. 17B, Great Cumberland Place, on the corner of Great Cumberland Place and Seymour Street, is of the much sought-after low-built type. Thousands of pounds have been expended on the property in decorations of a most tasteful character and in the installation of all modern conveniences. Messrs. Ellis and Sons will offer it at Dover Street on May 15th.

The late Viscount Hambleden's town house, 3, Grosvenor Place, has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons. **ARBITER.**



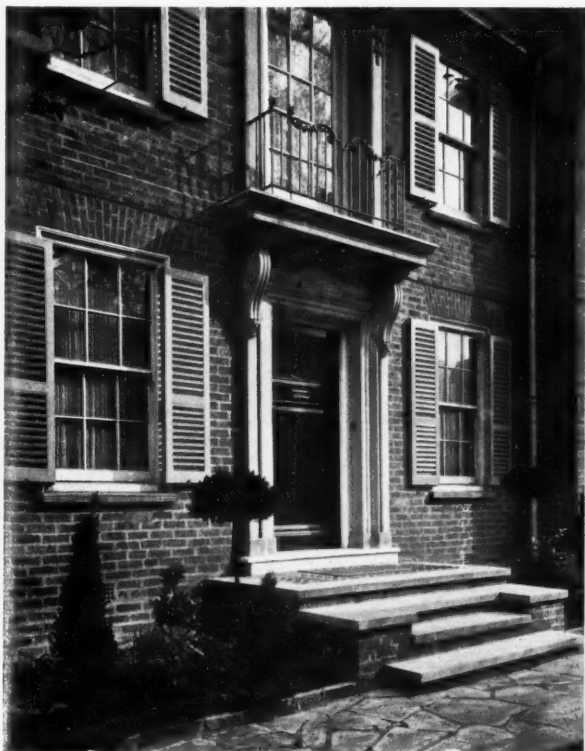
THE Finchley Road began with the stuccoed respectability of about 1840. Things had not then gone to the dogs architecturally. There still lingered the classicism which Decimus Burton and John Nash had applied to house fronts with such dignity. The earlier houses of the Finchley Road at least have some of this quality. It may be dubbed "shirt-front architecture," but at any rate it gives the houses definite character. The later houses on the way up to Hampstead are far inferior. But at the top of the road are some modern houses which are well designed, carried out in good brickwork, and, internally, infinitely more convenient to run than the Victorian ones. It is near the top of the Finchley Road that we find the house now illustrated (designed by Mr. Niven for Mr. R. W. Milbank). It belongs to the class of work which goes generally under the term of "modern Georgian"; and just now



FROM THE ROADWAY.

the fashion is to call such work "dead" or, at least, "moribund." Nevertheless, it is eminently suited to modern conditions, alike as regards building cost, interior comfort, and upkeep.

The site was rather a difficult one, inasmuch as it sloped up from the roadway, and it was necessary to take account of some fine old trees at the lower end. But a successful result was obtained by forming a steep bank behind the wall that borders the pavement; making a plateau for the house; and laying out the slope at the back in a series of small terraces, with steps and a flagged path leading up to the pleasant garden that occupies the upper portion of the site. To give access, there is an inclined way paved with stone and brick. This incline makes an easy run in for a car to the concreted yard at the back of the house, and a few steps lead up from it on the right to the front door.



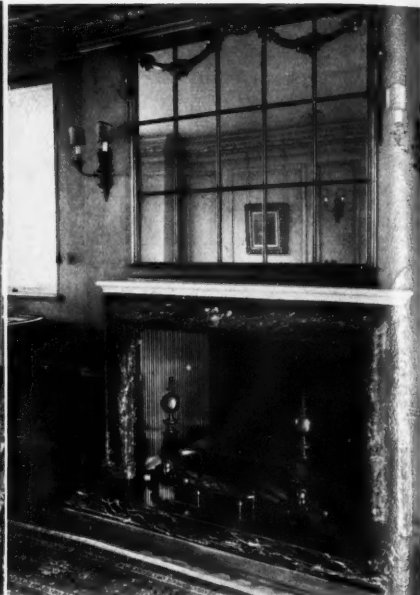
DETAIL OF FRONT ENTRY.



REAR ELEVATION



FROM HALL TO DINING-ROOM.



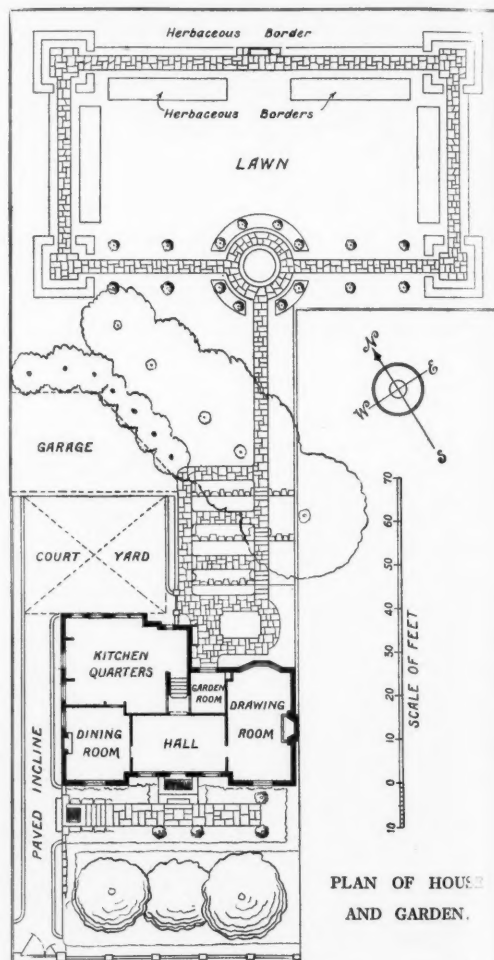
DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

The fabric of the house is of variegated bricks, with a purple tone predominating. The front entry is in stone, and a little ironwork balcony above it gives relief to the elevation. The sash windows are painted ivory white and have louvred shutters painted a sharp green. The front door itself is of polished mahogany. Through it we pass direct into a large oblong hall, but this, I think, is always an arrangement open to criticism, especially with a house facing nearly south-west, as this one does. A porch or vestibule of some sort, with double doors, gives protection from wind and rain which a direct opening into an entrance hall can never give.

The hall is pleasantly furnished with old pieces, but what calls for particular note is the wall treatment. It has all the appearance of pine panelling, and only on closest inspection one discovers it is not real; the effect being produced by applied mouldings and clever paintwork on the plain plastered walls. There is a further example of good paintwork in the dining-room. Here the wall colour is stippled a Georgian green, with the ceiling of a lighter tone, and semi-glossy. As a relief to the green there is dull gilt on the cornice enrichments and the ornamental band that runs around the room about 2ft. from the floor. In comparison with the customary chair-rail height, the band looks too low, but its level was determined by that of the casings



GARDEN STEPS AND TERRACES.

PLAN OF HOUSE
AND GARDEN.

of the radiators which are set on either side of the front window. The dining-room is in convenient relation to the admirably equipped kitchen quarters, there being a pass door on the inner wall, opening into a service pantry, which is placed next to the kitchen.

On the other side of the hall is the drawing-room. This is an oblong room extending from front to back, its walls being of sienna tone with wiped mouldings; but its principal feature is the fireplace, which is framed in with a broad bolection moulding in marble, and has a gilt-barred mirror above.

Upstairs on the first floor are four bedrooms, a dressing-room and two bathrooms (excellently appointed), and the attic space provides another bedroom and a large loft. The whole house is well schemed, and the garden at the back has something of the air of the country, though actually within the borders of London.

R. P.